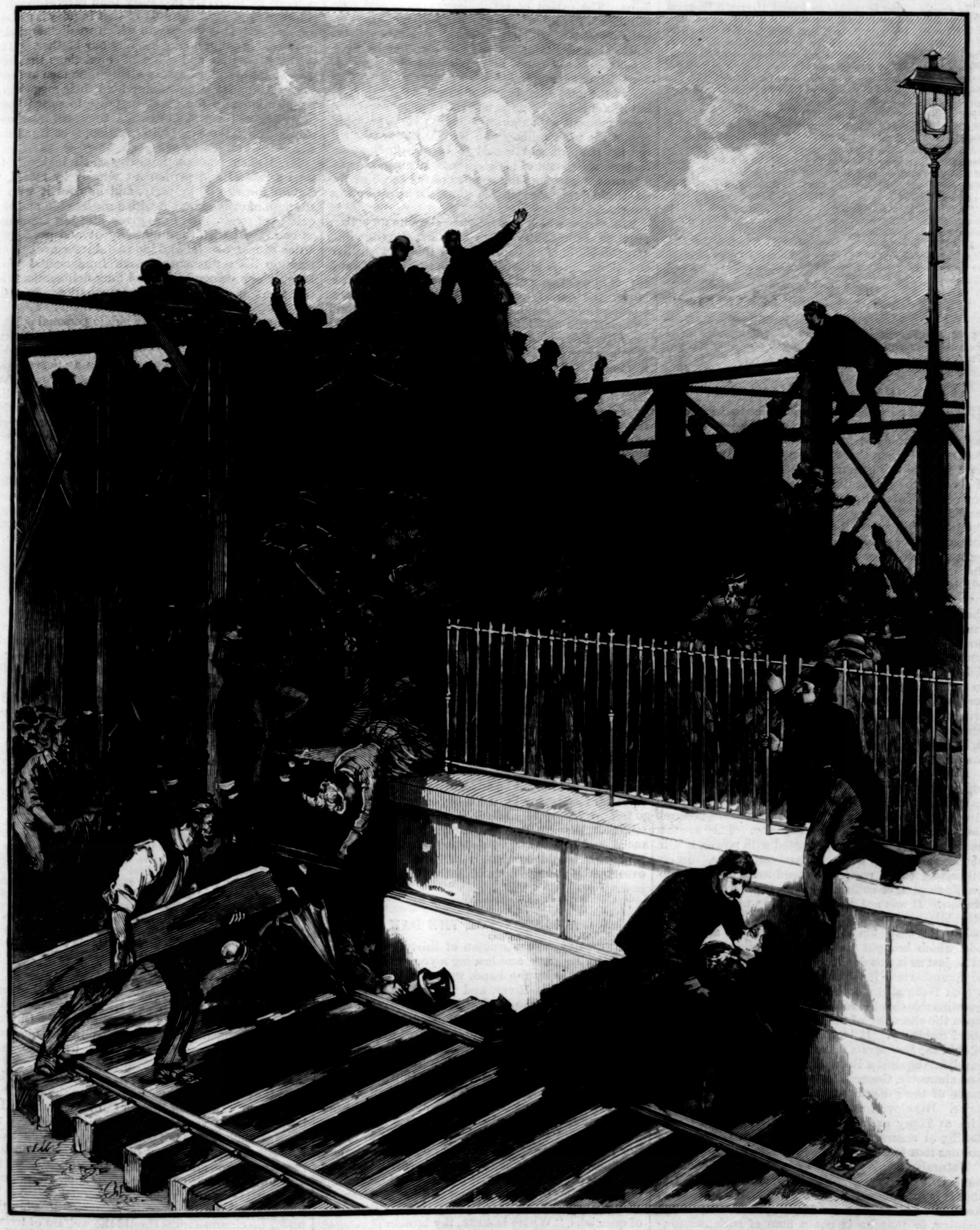
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1381.
Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



THE TRAGEDY ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, MAY 30.—Drawn by C. Graham and W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 355.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 9, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—*Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ *A* Supplement, *with portraits of some distinguished American scholars, is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

CANDIDATES AND CHARACTER.

In an era of mere personal politics like that in which the country now finds itself, the necessity of selecting good candidates for office is naturally greater than ever. When there is some great and absorbing issue such as this generation has seen, the extension of slavery, the prosecution of a war, the reconstruction of the Union, the chief popular qualification of candidates is that they shall be sound upon the great question. But when there is no great question, the character of the candidate becomes of vital importance, because at such times, when the main consideration is that of comparative confidence in parties, the parties will be judged largely by those whom they select to represent them. This is not unfair, because, freedom of choice being assumed, the selection of inferior representatives certifies inability in the party. This shows how extremely important, in a mere party view, is both the selection and the method of selection of candidates. Nobody doubts that the nomination of a man so reputable as Mr. Cleveland was of the utmost service to the Democratic party last autumn. Considering the Republican apathy, indeed, even if the Democratic party had selected one of its ordinary politicians he might have been elected, but the astounding majority at the election would have been wanting.

It is wise to bear this situation in mind when making or considering selections for every position. The party which can point to honest and capable and fitting men in office may well point with pride, because they are the evidence of party sagacity. They are the earnest that, if the party be trusted with power, it will choose agents who will command confidence. In no other way can a party commend itself so closely to public respect, or so firmly intrench itself in administration. It was not desire of change, nor mistrust of Republican principles, nor hostility to Republican policy, but suspicion of Republican agents and methods, which brought the party into extreme peril in 1876, just as it was demonstration of the party ability to disembarrass itself of such agents and methods which restored public confidence in 1880. It is unquestionable that the result in 1884 will depend largely upon the character of the men who are nominated for the Presidency. It is safe to say, for instance, that should the Democrats select General Butler for their candidate against a Republican of unassailable ability and character, General Butler would be defeated because of the general want of confidence in his character. His cleverness is conceded. ***Puck's*** picture of him as Topsy exactly represents the general public feeling in regard to him, and in an era of personal politics that feeling would defeat him.

Naturally men who have been long conspicuous in public life have made both friends and enemies. But that is not an answer to the objection that a proposed candidate has made a certain impression upon the country, or that he is not a man of such acknowledged qualities as in the public estimation to fit him for a designated position. The universal satisfaction with which an obviously proper appointment, like that of Mr. Justice Gray, for instance, is received, and the favor which it instantly wins for the appointing power, show the immense advantage to a party of good judgment in selecting candidates. Next year both parties will be put to the severest test of this kind in nominating a President, and there was never a time when it was more necessary to put the best men forward, for it will be the year in which the ablest, the best-known, and the most unsullied candidate will be the most available.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

The Czar of Russia has placed the imperial crown upon his own head amid an unequalled splendor of pageantry, and doubtless amid general disappointment that in his manifesto there is no intimation of any kind of concession to the discontent of the Russians. The extent of revolutionary plots and conspiracies is undoubtedly magnified, as they always are, but a discontent which embraces all classes of society, and which persistently seeks assassination by mysterious means, can not be disregarded as whimsical, nor will it be suppressed by severity. The Czar is one of the most conspicuous of contemporary figures, but it is chiefly because he is believed to be threatened every moment with a ghastly death. He is probably one of the most solitary and most unhappy of men, for his temperament is said to be of a kind which deepens the gloom of his position. In these circumstances the greater the splendor of the scene of the coronation, the more pitiable seems the man who was crowned.

The silence which characterizes absolute despotism prevents accurate knowledge of the Russian situation, and forbids implicit confidence in the most positive assertions. It is impossible to measure motives and events in a despotic country by the experience of free lands. Extreme tyranny and oppression at last ruin a people, and to require of an ignorant, degraded, and semi-barbaric population the prudence, sagacity, and intelligent devotion and fidelity which mark a free people is idle. This is the root of the difficulty in the treatment both of Ireland and of Russia. To present each of those countries with the constitution of the United States would not solve the problem. The late Czar emancipated the serfs, and was hailed as a great human benefactor, but that did not save him from assassination as if he had been a monster of oppression. He may have trembled at his own boldness, and may have recoiled from his own act. But to murder him as if he had been a Nero or a Caligula was to confound all standards of conduct.

The tragedy of the Czar's position is that he stands really alone. To yield to the popular demand is to alienate the nobility, and to do nothing is to feed the popular discontent. To grant a constitution, or to summon a free constituent assembly, and to make the press free, is to change the very nature of the empire, and to seem to himself to betray his highest honor—fidelity to his blood and his sovereign responsibility. Yet to do less than this would be not to satisfy the demand to which he would yield. Nihilism is a challenge to the empire. But that the concessions required by the Nihilist party could be made, even with the hearty sympathy of the Czar, without a tremendous convulsion, is very doubtful. Certainly none but a very great man, acting not in compliance with an external demand, but upon his own strong convictions, could popularize the Russian government. And no truly great statesman would ever believe that the government of a vast ignorant, degraded, and barbarous multitude could be suddenly popularized by an imperial rescript, or by the belief of an emperor that a self-governing republic is better than an absolute empire. Nevertheless, a beginning in Russia must be made, and it is the want of an announcement that a beginning would be made which has cast a certain gloom over the late magnificent ceremonial at Moscow.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

A few days ago a woman of thirty, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading a young child of two or three years by the hand, walked to the end of a pier on the East River, and after a few moments threw the infant into the water, flung the other child after him, and then instantly plunged into the water herself. It was in the day, and all three were rescued half drowned. As soon as possible the woman was questioned, and answered that she had no home, no food, no work, no hope, and that death seemed to be the only relief possible. Such a tragedy in the great, busy, prosperous city is not to be dismissed with an exclamation either of pity or of horror. It is not an unprecedented event. It is only necessary to turn a few rods aside from the most glittering streets and the finest houses to come upon another world of want and suffering and struggle; and the incident of the mother trying to drown herself and her children instinctively recalls to every generous mind the oldest of questions, "Where is Abel, thy brother?"

The progress of civilization merely emphasizes more strongly the fact that we can not satisfy ourselves by returning Cain's answer to the question. No reasonable and conscientious New-Yorker, for instance, could read in his morning paper the story that we have repeated without an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility, and a certain unwillingness to enjoy comfort and luxury while others starve, without even a word or an effort to do something. The doctrine of everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, and the survival of the fittest, in the sense that sympathy and assistance are superfluous and vain, is the doctrine of the devil. The theory that he who will not work must starve is sound enough, perhaps. But the corollary that his wife and children must be permitted to starve also is again merely a doctrine of the devil. There is undoubtedly, as we have often stated, immense fraud in beggary. Alms given in the street are in almost every instance a premium offered to poverty and drunkenness. An enormous proportion of the stories told at the door are lies, and nothing is more imperatively necessary than careful inquiry before giving. But the duty of that inquiry is no less imperative. It is the way in which we discharge the unavoidable obligation of keeping our brother. It is the most familiar and oldest of convictions that one man is not to suffer because ninety-nine men are rascals. A hundred women may hold their ragged and pallid infants in the street in order to soften your heart to give them money, which they will turn into a dram. But the woman in question, even if insane, was at least an honest sufferer.

Mr. Henry George improves such incidents to urge a radical and permanent remedy by recasting certain theories of property, and he does it with a strength of conviction but with a moderation and eloquence of tone which have given him just eminence as contrasted with the unintelligent and passionate ardor of many social and industrial reformers. But pending the settlement of such fundamental problems, which demand time and long deliberation, the care of the mother and her children challenge immediate action. What are we to do with them? The first thing to do is not to neglect a single personal appeal, and to answer it in the only possible and practical manner by referring the applicant to a responsible inquirer. This can be done by obtaining tickets from the Society for the Relief of the Poor, at 79 Fourth Avenue, or by applying to the Charity Organization Society, at the same place. If you make personal inquiry, even with the best of intentions, you will probably be deceived. The one thing to do to prevent the recurrence of so terrible a disgrace to a civilized community as that of the mother's desperate endeavor is, not to say "How horrible!" but to do something, and that something is to improve the very next opportunity for inquiry and for relief if needed. Meanwhile you can also reflect upon what steps may be necessary practically to make Christendom Christian.

THE POPE AND THE LAND LEAGUE.

There is no doubt that the circular of the Pope to the Irish bishops disapproving the Parnell testimonial fund is an important event in the controversy. Whatever may be said of it, no intelligent person will suppose that it was issued under any misapprehension. The Irish prelate who is most favorable to the present movement, Archbishop Croke, has been in Rome, and he has, of course, made the most friendly representations of the League and its methods and purposes. But he returns to Ireland and urges his countrymen to submit to the Vatican. The words of the Pope are most emphatic and significant. The chief duty of the clergy, he says, is to calm men's minds. Referring to instructions previously sent, he adds:

> "It is certainly not forbidden to collect for the relief of distress in Ireland; but at the same time the aforesaid apostolic mandates absolutely condemn such collections as are raised in order to inflame popular passions, and to be used as a means for leading men into rebellion against the laws. Above all things they, the clergy, must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them, that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves, and especially when it is asserted that the measure of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused—so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation."

This is the most unequivocal disapproval of the methods pursued by the present Irish leaders; and that there may be no doubt of the position of the Church, the Pope condemns all revolution in the most unqualified manner. "It is wicked to further any cause, however just, by illegal means."

It may surprise many persons to know that this has been the general papal position during the later Irish agitations. The chief Roman Catholic leader in Ireland for many years, O'Connell, took precisely the same ground, and he fell because he strictly adhered to it. His doctrine, like that of Grattan, was constitutional agitation, and when the Government raised the direct question with him by forbidding the monster meeting, O'Connell yielded, and soon died. Yet before his death, by insisting upon the same doctrine, that under no circumstances should the welfare of Ireland be sought by force of arms, he forced the secession of Young Ireland from the Repeal movement. The Church did not favor the Fenians, who were revolutionists. Even at the time of the great insurrection in 1641-2 the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy, while approving the war against the English Parliament which had decreed the extirpation of their religion in Ireland, declared in the strongest terms their detestation of the crimes of the insurrection, and excommunicated all Catholics who should be guilty of such atrocities.

The circular of the Pope, therefore, is in strict accordance with the policy of the Church. It holds that as the Parnell movement is addressed to the passions, and tends to illegal and criminal acts, the testimonial fund can not be approved, nor can any ecclesiastic be allowed to take part in recommending or promoting it. As the League depends upon the support of the Roman Catholic population, this practical censure of the movement by the Vatican will necessarily affect it deeply. If the advice of Mr. McCarthy and of Mr. Egan should be followed, and the fund should be made up by popular subscription despite the prohibition of the Pope, it will show how profoundly the religious loyalty of Ireland has been shaken, and how tenacious is the hold of the present movement upon the country. The fact of the publication of the circular is the evidence of the strong hostility of the Church to the methods of the Land League agitation, which is apparently the most universal and deeply rooted of any popular Irish movement since that for Repeal.

REFORM IN NEW YORK.

The New York Civil Service Commission having appointed Mr. John Jay Chairman, an act which will be universally approved, has selected Mr. Silas W. Burt as its Chief Examiner, and in so doing has secured the best man in the State for the position, and has given a signal proof, not of its good faith, of which no evidence was necessary, but of its practical sagacity. Mr. Burt, the late Naval Officer, was nominated by the President for the same position upon the national Commission, but under the singular circumstances of the nomination—as was shown at the time—it was impossible for him to accept. It is most fortunate, however, that Mr. Burt's peculiar fitness for the position and his invaluable experience in the reformed system are not to be lost.

In the hands of such a Commission as the Governor has appointed, which will be heartily sustained by him, the law will not be found feeble nor ineffective. Those who supposed that a Democratic Governor and a Democratic majority of the board would make it a mere blind for party purposes will be undeceived. The board is composed of Messrs. Jay, Schoonmaker, and Richmond, with Mr. Burt as Chief Examiner. Mr. Jay, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Richmond are perfectly well known to those who have been most active in the reform for the past two years as among its chief friends and champions. Mr. Schoonmaker honorably co-operates with them, and the Governor is in full sympathy with the work. To every friend of reform in the country it is a matter of just pride that the reformed system within a State should be first applied, and under the most encouraging auspices, in New York, where the mischiefs of the old system have been most flagrant.

THE DISASTER ON THE BRIDGE.

The sad catastrophe upon the Brooklyn Bridge on Decoration-day will become a painful tradition. The day of the opening was so fortunate and successful in every way that it is unfortunate that its associations must be darkened by the melancholy loss of life that followed. It is the more painful because it was evidently avoidable. Nothing, indeed, can stay a crowd in the frenzy of panic. But it was evident after the first day that a vast crowd, a blockade, and a panic were not only possible, but extremely probable, and this being apparent, it was an imperative duty to provide for it.

The conditions of the safe passage of a huge crowd across the bridge were as plain before the disaster as they are now. The two currents should be kept separate, and the police force should be adequate to keep them constantly moving, and to clear the approaches from loiterers. Peddlers and every kind of obstruction should be summarily moved on. This will be now probably done. But it is humiliating that it should have needed so terrible a spur.

Of course no such event can occur again without bringing the management under universal public indignation. Those who have to deal with crowds are bound to know that a crowd is easily panic-stricken, and that when panic-stricken it is uncontrollable. The problem of safe passage across the bridge is certainly not a difficult one, and the lamentable disaster is not only irreparable to the victims and their friends, but it is a disgrace to those who should have prevented it.

A POINT FOR THE PRESIDENT TO DECIDE.

An interesting question arose during the visit of Mr. Eaton, the Civil Service Commissioner, at the Custom-house. It was whether the applicants who had already passed the old examination successfully, and were already upon the eligible list, ought to pass another examination under the new regulations. According to the report, Mr. Eaton, although recognizing the force of the argument in favor of the present eligible list, doubted whether the Commission could properly adopt the results of any examinations except those held under its own authority. He suggested that the President, by a simple order, could continue the present eligible list.

This course we hope will be taken. The list is composed of those who have passed substantially the examination which is now prescribed—an examination which was instituted for the same purpose, and which was conducted in the same manner and by much the same examiners. It was in fact, except in name, the same examination, and the success of the examinations of the last four years was one of the strongest arguments for the passage of the bill, which, in effect, merely confirms and extends them. There is no good reason that those who stand already upon the eligible list should not compete, by their standing marked upon that list, with those who pass under the new regulations. Should the Commission make such a recommendation, we see no reason to doubt that the President would approve it.

The members of the Commission have been at work diligently since their adjournment, and have completed the organization of the local boards from Portland to New Orleans. The only point not visited is San Francisco, where the details will be arranged at once. It was necessary to lose no time, for the bill provides that after six months from the passage of the act no appointment, within the range of places included, should be made except according to its provisions. The bill was approved on the 16th of January, and the six months consequently expire on the 16th of July.

OFFICIAL SARCASM.

Mr. Dezendorf having made complaints to the Secretary of the Navy respecting certain violations of law at the Navy-yard in Norfolk, the Secretary was at liberty to dismiss them as trivial, or as proceeding from a person known to him to be unworthy to be heeded, or to direct a prompt investigation and action, which last he did. But the Secretary was not at liberty to insult the complainant, which he also did. If the complaints were worthy of attention, as the Secretary admitted by at once entertaining them and ordering an inquiry, the motives of the complainant or his previous conduct were not before him, and sarcastic comments were impertinent and officially improper. It is not the clever Mr. William E. Chandler who is writing, but the Secretary of the Navy; and the little gibes which Mr. Chandler the politician might choose to fling at another politician are unseemly when a high public officer is speaking for the whole country. There is also something of the bully in using an official position to satirize a private citizen who, by the confession of the Secretary's own action, has done only his duty.

If the Secretary had supposed the charges to be unfounded, the proper course was also the most crushing. To have told Mr. Dezendorf that inquiry had been made into the truth of his charges, and that they were shown to be totally unfounded, would have disposed of him effectually. But to receive the complaint and insult the complainant is, under the circumstances, presumptive evidence that the Secretary believed the charges to be true, and was angry that they had been made.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND GOVERNOR BUTLER.

Harvard University has decided to break a bad precedent, and will not confer the degree of LL.D. upon Governor Butler. The sole argument in favor of doing it was that is was the custom, and that the honor is offered to the office and not to the man. The reply to this is that the circumstances which have now arisen show the custom to have been unfortunate, and if it was to be renounced, there could have been no more fitting occasion.

But the conclusive argument in favor of the course adopted is that the governing body of the University ought not to bestow its highest honor in a way which tends to cheapen it and to belittle the institution. That the people of Massachusetts have elected General Butler to be the Governor of the State is no more reason that the University should make him an LL.D. than that Andover Seminary should make him a D.D. The State has thought him to be a fitting person for the Chief Magistracy. The University has not thought him to be a proper person for its highest honor. Neither authority is bound by the other, and each is responsible for its own action. The unfortunate custom could never have been broken without offense to the Governor, whoever he might be, at the time. But that is surely not a reason for persevering in the practice.

Governor Butler is reported to have said that the course of the University had helped him politically. But even if that were so, the political consideration is not germane, because the University is not a political body. The degree is not withheld because Governor Butler now calls himself a Democrat. It was conferred, we believe, upon Governor Gaston, who was a Democrat. General Butler's reported remark, that withholding the degree was an insult to the people of the State offered by Harvard College because it could not dictate a Governor, is unlike his usual remarks, because it is simply silly. In the Board of Overseers the question was solely one of propriety. All the members equally distrust General Butler, and all of them respect his office. But a college degree is in its nature a personal and not an official honor. This is the point which the University has now decided.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis on the late J. R. Green: "I took Mr. Green to breakfast with Frederick Denison Maurice; we always called Maurice the Prophet—and to us he was a prophet—ever sweet and gentle, and genial to young men. Maurice afterward preached a characteristic sermon on the doubt of Thomas, the point of which was to show that Thomas was the type of the true believer. 'How like Maurice!' said Green to me; 'always to Maurice the last and least obvious lesson seems the first, if not the only one, to be learned.' I think Green was as completely fascinated by Maurice's strength of soul and large tenderness of nature as ever I was. I remember Green's reading out some passages of Swinburne's then new book of *Poems and Ballads*, and saying, 'This is the greatest master of poetical language since Shelley; but he can't think.'"

—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of May 15, speaks of "the innumerable company of Morans" as "certainly the most artistic family since the days of the Van Huysums.... In the family of Moran, *noblesse oblige*."

—The project of a second canal across the Isthmus of Suez is not a new one. Six years ago Sir George Eliot foresaw the necessity of providing additional accommodation, and suggested to the Khedive the expediency of a canal between Alexandria and Suez, by way of Ismailia. The idea that M. De Lesseps enjoys the exclusive right of connecting Europe and Asia is now exploded. "He deserves all honor," observes one of his admirers, "but the commerce of the world can not pause for fear his self-love should be hurt."

—Although it is fashionable in England to found clubs for the improvement of mastiffs, bull-dogs, fox-terriers, collies, and St. Bernards, there are no clubs for the improvement of setters, retrievers, pointers, spaniels, and other dogs most useful in field-sports.

—Mr. Ruskin has been lecturing at Oxford on Mr. Burne-Jones and several other modern painters before crowded audiences, which consisted chiefly of members of the university. His judgment was flexible enough to enable him to say that in a man who, like Mr. Burne-Jones, is given to personification and to myth, "a certain strangeness, or quaintness, or even violation of probability, is not only excusable, but desirable, in the representation of what is neither body nor spirit, nor animal nor vegetable, but only an idea." Mr. Burne-Jones, too, "has a sense of color perfect in its way, but he is essentially a chiaro-oscurist, rather than a colorist."

—Some discussion has been aroused in Paris because Hachette & Co., who have a monopoly of the railway book-stalls in France, have refused to sell Guy de Maupassant's novel *Une Vie*, on the score of its undue "realism." To Zola's works, however, no such objection is made; but their sale is interdicted on various railway lines in this country.

—Is it proper for a vicar and his wife to dine in the vestry? This great question has been exercising the intellects of "a committee of parishioners," who wrote to the Bishop of Winchester about it, and received the reply: "Though I think the vestry is not the right place for dinners, I do not think I could desire Mr. Knight [the vicar complained of] to take a lodging for the sake of getting refreshment on a Sunday. If Mr. and Mrs. Knight had to remain in the vestry between the services, I should not think there was much desecration of the house of God in the eating of a sandwich, etc."

—Baron Nordenskjöld has sent to the great Fisheries Exhibition in London a case containing two figures representing a couple of Chukches—a race of the northeast of Asia—engaged in angling. Crouching down over a hole in the ice, the woman tries to attract the fish by uttering a peculiar cry; and as soon as she perceives a fish she casts her line into the hole. The figures are life-size, and dressed in suits of reindeer-skin and seal-skin, bordered with dog-skin, which were brought home in the *Vega*. The face of the woman is tattooed, and her black hair hangs down over her forehead.

—The Volunteer Fireman was proverbially strong in language. A New-Yorker now living in Providence, Rhode Island, having received from a merchant of this city a copy of the *Story of the Old Volunteer Fire Department of New York City* (published by the Harpers), wrote a little letter of acknowledgment in French, which ended as follows: "C'est un bien joli cadeau, et j'en aurai bien soin. Ce sera pour moi un souvenir précieux de notre amitié qui date dès la première jeunesse."

—Mr. Henry C. Gibson's private collection of oil-paintings in Philadelphia—one of the most notable in the country—is hung not in a single gallery, but in a series of juxtaposed rooms which he calls cabinets. He regards these works of art not as curiosities to be inspected, but as every-day companions whose society is agreeable; and there is scarcely an apartment on the first floor of his house where they are not to be found. The effect of hanging fine pictures in this manner is singularly cozy and pleasant.

—Mr. Gladstone attended service at the Hawarden Church on Sunday, May 13, and, as usual, read the lessons for the day. For more than two months three special constables have been guarding Hawarden Castle, each of them provided with six-chambered revolvers and several rounds of ammunition, and instructed not to lose sight of the Premier when he is walking in the grounds.

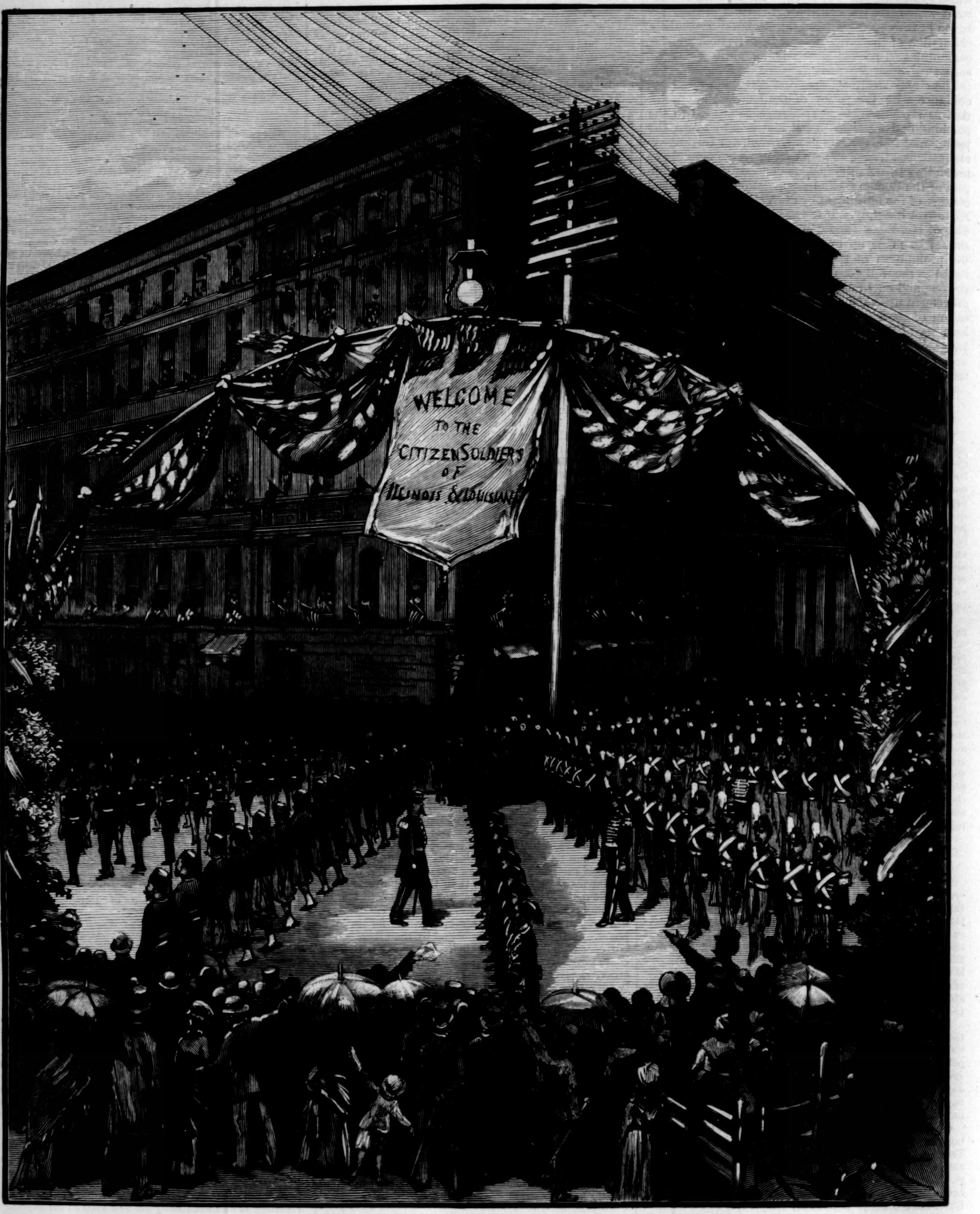
—Matthew Arnold is not yet done with Biblical criticism, in spite of his late protestations to the contrary. In the *Nineteenth Century* he becomes exceedingly conservative while discussing the prophecy of Isaiah: "All meddling with the letter itself of the text is in my opinion undesirable. The case is one where the feeling that liberty is taken with the text does more damage than any amendment of the text can do good. It is better, I think, to get out of the existing text what meaning can be got out of it than to create the sense of insecurity which comes when the reader perceives the text to be treated with license. We are so constituted by nature that our enjoyment of a text greatly depends upon our having a sense of security."

—Dr. Savage, in the *Journal of Mental Science*, considers the hereditary aspects of insanity: "One would say to a person asking whether she might marry, 'If you have strong insane inheritance, and if you have had already one attack occurring at about twenty, more especially if there has been a tendency to hysterics or other emotional disturbance, you will marry at very great risk of breaking down after childbirth, and your future partner must be fully warned of this fact;' whereas, if the insanity has been more accidental (if I may use the term), more the result of some other physical cause, the chances of recurrence are less. I am afraid, however, none of us are in a position to say what cases will or will not recur."

—If it were only possible (writes a late essayist) to convince our teachers of singing of the possibility of teaching pupils to sing artistically without the aid of anatomical knowledge, it would really be a valuable thing for our future vocalists. I have heard very young children use the Legato mode as naturally as breathing. From boys and girls as they play in the streets, or as they call out to one another, there can be heard the most perfect examples of pure sound, brought forth with a correctness and sustained with a steadiness of vibration which many a vocalist might envy. Indeed, there is not a sound uttered by any animal, whether bird or beast, or by the sea, or any other part of this great world, but the vocalist can learn something from it which will be of advantage to him when using his own voice in the expression of thought and feeling.

—A well-known capitalist of this city recalls a toast which forty years ago made an impression upon his youthful mind. A lady of Watertown, Massachusetts, whose surname was Fowl, was a guest of a well-known citizen of Newtown (now Newton) in the same State. After dinner, on one occasion, a guest arose and proposed the following bumper: "To the fair of Newtown, and the Fowl of Watertown."

—Amid the prevailing darkness of our civil service one sees occasionally a rift in the clouds. Mr. Charles Forrester, assistant superintendent of the newspaper department in the New York post-office, has the unique distinction of having been connected with that institution for fifty-eight consecutive years, his appointment dating from 1825, under the Postmastership of General Theodorus Bailey, when the post-office was situated in Garden Street (now Exchange Place), and was served by only six clerks and six carriers. To-day there are twelve hundred clerks. General Bailey used to reside over the post-office, and four of his clerks boarded with him. Mr. Forrester's father was an officer of the same institution for twenty-eight years, and Mr. Forrester's son held a similar position at the time of his death. But the rift becomes less when we consider that ever since the days of President Tyler Mr. Forrester has been forced to pay an annual assessment to the politicians.



THE COMPETITIVE DRILL AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY.

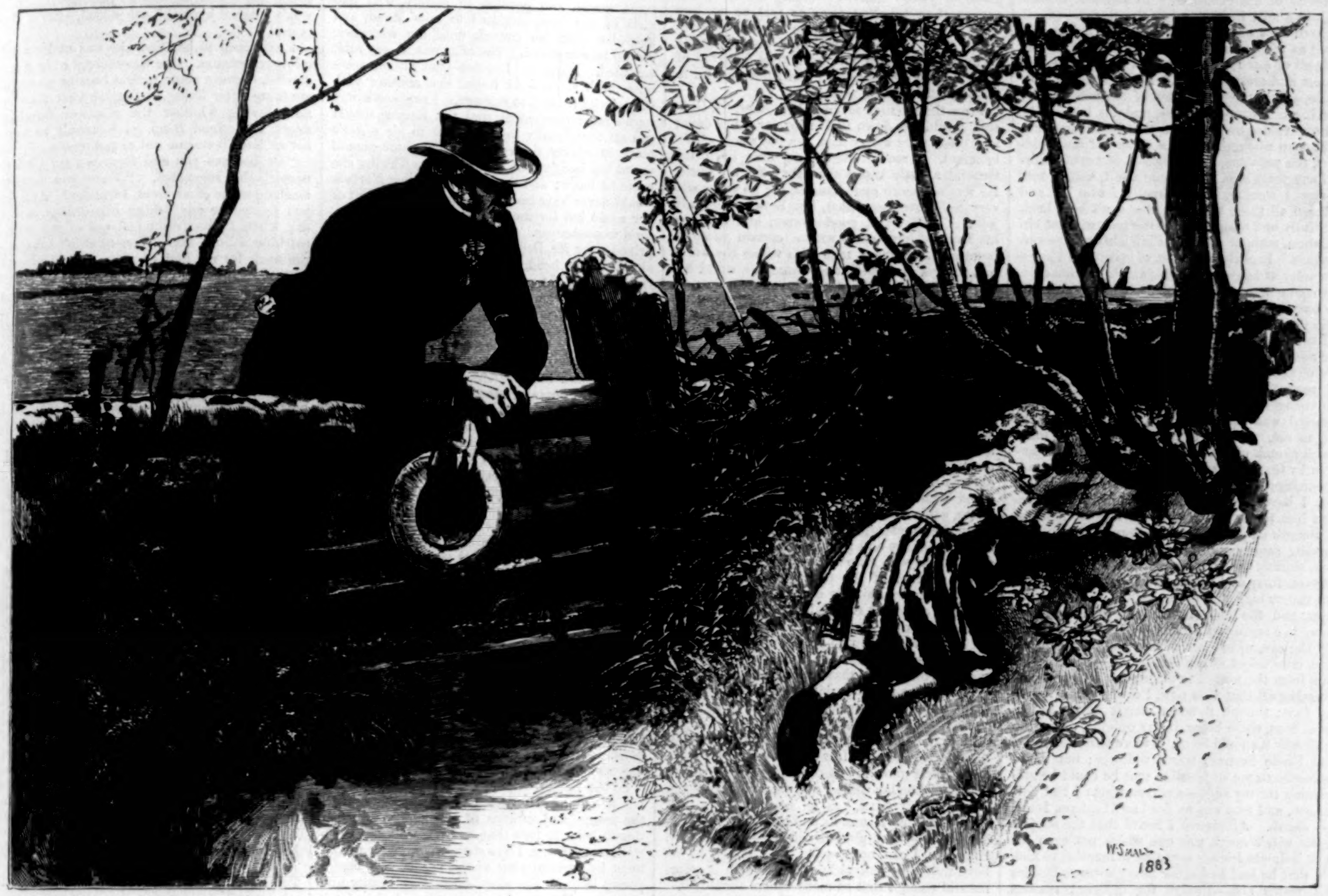
THE NASHVILLE PAGEANT.

"MAN is a military animal" who "glories in gunpowder and loves parade." There is no spectacle so sure to attract eager attention, no display possessing so unfailing interest, as a military pageant. From the rural "muster," which very faintly suggests soldierly exercises, to elaborate and picturesque reviews of uniformed troops in large bodies, everything in the nature of a military display attracts and holds the eager interest of the people.

The splendid pageant which recently filled the city of Nashville, Tennessee, with people from all quarters of the country, however, was significant of something more and better than this. The competitive drill held recently in that city was planned and carried out in strict accordance with the governing principle of our republican system of military defense. Its purpose was to test and promote the efficiency of that citizen soldiery upon which chiefly the nation relies for defense against foreign foes or domestic violence. It signified an earnest purpose to make the voluntary militia organizations of the country efficient military schools for the proper and thorough training of citizen soldiers. It was a sort of examination instituted, as all examinations should be, for the purpose of stimulating thoroughness of educational work. The people of the South are even more strongly military in their tastes than men of our race usually are, and they attend an exhibition of this kind with no gaping curiosity, no purpose to indulge in ignorant admiration. They are keen critics of military drills and evolutions, and they went to Nashville as the people of a musical community attend a new opera, to judge the performance critically, to apportion praise and blame impartially, and to test the work done by exact standards. They knew how each detail should be managed, and were quick to detect errors or excellences in the smallest particulars. The newspapers of the city made much of the affair as a pageant of unusual splendor, but they were not content with such generalities. They analyzed the performance of each company, each platoon, and even each individual soldier. They criticised as conscientiously and as intelligently as an inspector at West Point might do when testing the work of the cadets. Their reviews of each day's display were critical analyses of unstinted severity. The praise they accorded was given willingly and heartily, but it had to be earned in every case.

In presenting illustrations of this pageant we can not too heartily commend the purpose with which it was organized, or the right spirit in which it was carried out. It has always been the policy of our country to rely upon militia organizations for defense in all emergencies, and under such a policy it becomes us to care for the efficiency of those organizations as earnestly as other nations cherish their standing armies. Practically the militia is the army in this country, and the earnestness shown by the people of the South in promoting its efficiency and duly recognizing its importance is worthy alike of praise and imitation. The attitude of the people in the South toward the citizen soldiery is that which the people of the whole country should maintain. They regard the militia organizations as real bodies of troops set to defend the country at need. They treat their work seriously, and never make the mistake of undervaluing their thoroughness in discipline and perfection in drill. They fully understand that the militia are not meant to play at soldiering, and that their function is a more important one than the mere making of a holiday show.

There is no ground for complaint of a want of earnestness on the part of the citizen troops in any part of the land, but the recognition given to them in the North is not always so hearty or so serious as it should be, and in this particular the people of Nashville have set a wholesome example.



"They are quite happy together."

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPUS ACTUM.

When I think of the early years of my life I think of a wide green landscape, fertile, well timbered, and swept always by fresh breezes from the German Ocean. I see great sheets of calm water reddened by the glow of sunset, and flights of wild fowl in a black line against the sky, and the wherries, with their enormous brown sails, moving slowly along the dikes, and having, from a short distance, the appearance of sailing on dry land. I see an old red brick house, too, with gables and twisted chimneys, standing in the midst of a perfectly level park. Round about it are shrubberies and a few flower beds and an old-fashioned walled fruit garden, while behind it there rises a slight—a very slight—eminence, which is called "the Hill," and from the summit whereof (forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea, perhaps) many miles of land and water can be discovered stretching away to meet the horizon. There is a sense of space and vigor and freedom connected with this country which goes far toward atoning for its flatness, and is in some sort a substitute for beauty. So, at least, polite strangers were wont to affirm; but to my eyes it was always a beautiful country, and could stand very well upon its own merits, without need of any excuses or equivalents whatever.

A certain number of years ago—sometimes it seems a great many, sometimes only a few—a little boy used to trot about that part of East Norfolk in a state of constant and serene satisfaction with himself and his surroundings. He was, I think, what most people would consider a rather nice-looking little boy; and as he was allowed to do almost exactly as he pleased, and got very nearly everything that he wanted, it is not surprising that he should have been also a good-humored and jolly little boy. I can see him plainly now as he plods hither and thither on his sturdy little legs among the woods and fields. Sometimes he is alone; but more often he is accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with a slight stoop and a kind, handsome face, who does not say a great deal himself, but who listens with much courtesy to his companion's unceasing flow of conversation, and who only puts forward his own opinions from time to time with a proper degree of deference. These two are the best of friends, one of them being a great talker and the other an admirable listener; and whether they go their daily rounds on foot, or whether the old gentleman is mounted on a big-boned bay horse and the boy on a diminutive Shetland pony, they are quite happy together, and want no third person to enliven their solitude.

Third persons come, however, from time to time. There is another boy, George Warren, from Hailsham, and there is the Rector with his fishing-rod, and old Sir Digby Welby, who rides over to talk politics and agriculture. These come and go; but for the greater part of the long days the old man and the boy have no society but their own, and are content therewith.

A few years later the little boy has become a big boy, and is more satisfied with himself than ever. His round jacket has been replaced by a shooting coat; his legs are incased in leather gaiters, and his feet in stout boots; he is out on the Broads after duck, happy in the possession of a brand-new gun all of his own. With legitimate pride he eyes this weapon of destruction, while the punt in which he balances himself somewhat unsteadily is advancing among the tall reeds and rushes of the shore. All of a sudden the duck rise in a compact mass above the tops of the waving reeds. Bang!—right into the middle of them. Now, then, Dido, old girl, pick up the slain! Off goes Dido; off goes the impetuous youth after her, plunging deep into water and mud. How many killed? What! none? Well, well—better luck next time. The sportsman returns a little less quickly than he went; and there is old Jim Bunce, in his confounded old velveteens, sitting calmly in the punt, reloading with the aid of that forgotten implement called a ramrod; and Jim Bunce widens his already wide mouth, and says, "Lord! Mr. Chawls, who'd ha' thought it, now!" when he hears the confession that has to be made, though perhaps he is not quite so surprised as his words would seem to imply. No matter, Jim Bunce—a day will come.

The day does come—many days. Days in the stubble and among the turnips; days in the coverts that lie about Thirlby Hall. The boy is now a young man, who can shoot as well as another; and if there are not a great many pheasants to be shot, there are not a great many people to shoot them, while of partridges there are enough to satisfy anybody. Ah, dear old days! jolly old life! dear old country! Is it memory or time that has played such strange pranks with you?

I revisited those once familiar scenes the other day, after a long, long interval of absence—"a vast o' years," as old Jim Bunce would have said. It is not a beautiful country. I won't allow that it is ugly, but beautiful it certainly is not; and as I stood under the lee of Thirlby Church, looking out upon it all with sorrowful eyes, a furious east wind came tearing round the angles of the old building, and chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I am sure the wind never blew like that when I was young. As for the landscape—well, I was prepared for a certain degree of disappointment; for how could I expect that the reality should answer to my dim recollections when it is only by a vigorous effort that I can identify myself, the Charles Maxwell of A.D. 1883, with the slim young gentleman whose portrait in crayons hangs, or used to hang, in the library at Thirlby Hall? I say I was prepared for change; but what I was not prepared for was to find that the entire neighborhood had shrunk to something less than a fourth of its original size. That Thirlby Broad! And Hickling Broad, and Horsey Mere, can those comparatively insignificant sheets of water be the vast inland seas upon which I used to sail by the hour together, and which my callow imagination likened to Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Superior? The villages, too, how they have huddled themselves together, and how sadly the woods have diminished in area! Even the Hall itself—but this is too painful. I turn my back upon the view, and look up at the gray, weather-beaten church tower above me, with its iron cage at the top, which we used to call the lantern, and which served in ancient days as a light-house to ships out at sea. It is a tower of very respectable height; but, alas! it is no longer to be compared, without palpable absurdity, to the Tower of Babel. And within the building things are not any better. Thirlby Church is a large church, as all the churches are in those parts, but it is not so large as York Minster—not nearly so large. I have difficulty in recognizing it. The sea-green east window, against which I used to watch the flying shadows of the rooks during church-time, is gone; so is the old three-decker; so are the high square pews. Renovation and restoration have resulted in stained glass and Minton tiles, and a reredos, and a marble pulpit, and rows of carved oak benches. These are improvements, no doubt; but I am sure I don't know what the old Rector would have thought of it all.

The old Rector and his old-fashioned ways have been forgotten for a long time, I should imagine. I saw his grave outside, among the graves of many others whom I saw last as hale, hearty men. Under the chancel, in the family vault, sleeps the best friend I ever had. Perhaps it was rather a mistake to begin with the parish church when I stole away, without saying a word to anybody, to renew acquaintance with my old home.

As I pass out through the grave-yard I come upon the last resting-place of another old friend:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
JAMES BUNCE,
Born 3d August, 1780. *Died* 10*th December*, 1862.
For upward of fifty years Keeper and Water-Bailiff to
BERNARD LE MARCHANT, OF THIRLBY HALL, ESQ.

A worthy man within this grave doth lie,
  A faithful servant and a sportsman true;
Ne'er failed with fish his master to supply,
  Preserved his partridges and pheasants too.
Now in the heav'nly quires above he sings,
Removed from guns and rods and all such things.

Likewise of SUSANNAH, Wife of the Above.

Likewise of his Sons JAMES and WILLUM, Drowned at Sea.

This Here Stone
Was put up by his third son, Daniel Bunce,
Carpenter and Shipwright of Great Yarmouth.

There is some internal evidence of "this here stone" having been literally put up by the aforesaid Daniel—put up, that is, by his own hands; and indeed, if he inherits his father's qualities, he is not the man to call in professional aid over so small a matter as the cutting of a tombstone, or even the composing of a suitable epitaph to adorn the same. Old Jim Bunce used to be fond of saying of himself that he was a Jack-of-all-trades. He would sometimes add modestly that he was master of none; but this, I take it, he said only to secure the harmless satisfaction of being contradicted. If ever any one knew his own large value, as a person of many shifts and large experience, Jim Bunce did, and he was only a gamekeeper because his taste inclined him toward field-sports, not because he doubted his capacity to fill any other station in the world that he might select. I well remember how he would insist upon painting his own garden fence, mending his own roof and windows, and making his own nets. I remember also that he always received the full market value of such odd jobs from my uncle, who would justly remark that it would be most unfair to take advantage of Bunce's economy. It would not surprise me to hear that Daniel Bunce, carpenter and shipwright, of Great Yarmouth, had got the price of that grave-stone out of the trustees.

And so Jim Bunce has left his velveteens, his rod, and gun, and "all such things," and is singing in heavenly quires, is he? It may be so; but I must be allowed to reserve my opinion. I fancy that if Bunce has kept his consciousness and his identity at all, he is not content with the employment so confidently ascribed to him by his son. Daniel, to be sure, may reply that he knows quite as much about the matter as I do. How, indeed, can we say what change may come over the spirit of a man after death, when we are daily witnesses of the vicissitudes to which it is subject while still imprisoned in the flesh? Of all the hard laws which govern us poor mortals, and mould us without the smallest respect for the sacredness of our free-will, the law of change is the saddest and most puzzling. It is not that a man develops into a better edition of his former self, that his intelligence widens, and his knowledge and experience increase, but that he becomes another man altogether. One thinks of the ambitions, the passions, the struggles, of twenty, thirty, forty years ago, asking one's self, with a sort of stupid wonder, Was it really *I* who did and suffered all these things? One can't look back faithfully and minutely into the past without humiliation, without a sense of infidelity and powerlessness. I speak, of course, of myself, and judge humanity at large by myself (which is, I imagine, the common method); but as it is the story of my own life that I am about to write, perhaps a little preliminary egotism may be forgiven me.

I suppose that my childhood was as happy a one as could possibly be. I don't think that the fact of my being an orphan afflicted me for a single moment. My parents died when I was far too young to understand my loss, and my uncle Bernard was father, mother, and friend, all in one to me. I have a portrait of him—a mere pencil sketch of his profile, dashed off one afternoon by George Warren, who had a happy knack of catching likenesses—which I am glad to say that I have preserved ever since, and which recalls him to my mind far more vividly than the full-length oil-painting by Sir Francis Grant. My drawing represents a handsome, refined-looking man, slgihtly bald, whose age might be anything between forty and sixty. The forehead is broad and rather high, the nose aquiline, the upper lip short, and the chin round and well moulded. There is a suspicion of a smile about the mouth and the eye, which last is half closed, and has a faint crow's-foot at the corner. A very deep line runs from the nostril to the corner of the mouth. Knowing all that I do now, I can see that it is a sad face; though it never struck me as sad in those days, there being, in my opinion, no reason at all why it should be so. I was aware, of course, that Uncle Bernard was a widower; but it did not occur to me as possible that he could be still grieving for my aunt—a person whom I had never seen, and who was as dead as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Afterward I heard that the subject of his wife's death was one which not even his most intimate friends ventured to mention to him, and that he had had other heavy sorrows besides this, which also—though for different reasons—could not be spoken of in his presence. For the rest, my dear old man was far too unselfish and too philosophical to obtrude his troubles upon those who could not enter into them, or, for that matter, upon those who could. I call him "old" out of habit, and because in the days of my puppyhood he naturally appeared to me to be quite an old man, but he was not in reality much beyond middle age at that time, and his mother was still alive, and even very much alive.

Of that lady we saw nothing, and heard very little. She had contracted a second marriage before my birth, and lived far away in the north of Scotland with her husband, a certain Mr. Farquhar. Thither my uncle used to betake himself once in every year upon a filial visit, and as he always looked tired and harassed on his return, I was led to form a poor opinion of my great-aunt, who never came to Thirlby.

Thirlby, in truth, was a house where guests were few. Not that my uncle was inhospitable; but it so happened that there were scarcely half a dozen people in the world whom he was expected to ask to stay with him. We were singularly devoid of near relations, he and I. He was only my uncle by marriage, his wife having been my mother's sister, and my own people must have been as much astonished as delighted when he proposed to adopt me. I believe they made rather a favor of acceding to his wish; but I am bound to say that, having brought themselves to do so, they allowed him entire liberty of action with regard to my education and destiny, and if he had thought fit to employ me in a coal mine, or send me to sea as a cabin-boy, I very much doubt whether they would have felt themselves justified in interfering in the matter. But he did nothing of that kind. He treated me in all respects like his own son—only I think that our companionship was somewhat closer than that which subsists between most fathers and sons; and so we lived together in the old house, which to one of us, at all events, never seemed empty or lonely, and it was very seldom that a visitor interrupted our prolonged *tête-à-tête*.

As for ladies, scarcely one did we see from January to December, and really it is wonderful how well we got on without them. Mr. Dennison, the Rector, was a widower; Lady Welby was an invalid; Mrs. Warren, of Hailsham, was understood to have every moment of her time occupied in ministering to the wants of a boundless family, and in endeavoring to reconcile these with the capacities of a far from boundless income. Other ladies there were, living, some five, some seven, some ten miles away from us; but our intercourse with them was confined to a few formal calls in the course of the year. My uncle was too conscientious a man to say "Not at home" when he was at home, or even to slip quietly out-of-doors as soon as a carriage was seen approaching across the great level park. Therefore he received these ladies, as often as they came, with gentleness and courtesy; but he did not encourage any advances toward intimacy on their part. I believe that, long before, some of them had caused him great annoyance by asserting that it was a duty that he owed to society to provide his house with a new mistress, and by throwing eligible persons in his way; the result of which was that he took up an attitude of distrust and self-defense before them which the lapse of years had not availed to modify. As for me, no sooner did I detect a green or yellow chariot swinging slowly up the avenue than I bolted away as fast as my legs could carry me. I did not like female society in those days. Whether we were ultimately the better or the worse for being thus deprived of what neither of us missed I will not pretend to say—a little of both, perhaps.

From time to time my uncle's brother, the General, would run down to Thirlby for a few days; and those were merry days for the whole establishment. I am afraid the servants liked the General a little better than they did my uncle. He was not more open-handed, for no one could very well have been that, but he was certainly jollier. Tall, erect, good-looking, and carrying his five-and-forty years with a certain youthful jauntiness, he was a man with whom the world had always gone well, and whom the world accordingly loved. No doubt it was to his own merits that he owed his C.B. and his attainment of the rank of Major-General at so early an age; still it is not every meritorious officer who has a chance of distinguishing himself, and insomuch as General Le Marchant had had many such chances, he may be said to have been used well by the world. It was therefore as natural that everybody should like him as that he should be good-humored, jovial, and full of jokes, which, if not intrinsically excellent, were made so by the manner of their delivery. Cooper, the butler, ordinarily a somewhat saturnine personage, would stand behind my uncle's chair, grinning from ear to ear, while that capital story was being narrated about the troop-sergeant-major's horse which was cast by mistake and purchased by the Bishop of Cirencester, who afterward exhibited it proudly to the colonel of the regiment. The narrator chuckled so prodigiously over it himself that his audience could not choose but be infected by his hilarity. As for Jim Bunce, he declared that it did his heart good to go out for a day's shooting with a gentleman as took a real delight in his work. The truth is that my uncle, though a very fair shot, was no enthusiastic lover of sport, and would rather, any day, see his brother bring down a rocketer, or the Rector land a twenty-pound pike, than be at the pains of performing either of these feats himself. It was the General who gave me my first gnn; it was the General who carried me off to London while I was yet of tender years, "to open my mind," as he said, and who took me to Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens, and—most glorious of all—to the play. Somehow, I can never quite bring myself to believe that the General is dead; though it seems natural enough that so many others should be.

The history of a man's life is like the history of a nation: looking back into it, one finds it marked out into certain clearly defined epochs. An event, great or small, takes place here and there, and makes a full stop, after which a fresh period has to be opened. One does not always recognize the full stop at the moment of its occurrence, but when so much that preceded and followed it has been swept out of the ken of memory, it stands forth with sufficient distinctness. The first period of my life ended where the first period of most boys' lives ends—on the day when I was sent to school. Full well do I remember that sad and solemn occasion. My uncle and I drove the whole distance, the establishment for which I was bound being only some thirty miles away from Thirlby, and I recollect that we were both extremely self-possessed and *nonchalant* in our manner, only toward the end of the journey conversation would flag a little in spite of all our efforts. And then the schoolmaster came out, all geniality and affability, to shake hands with us, and soon afterward my uncle went away. I feel an inward sinking even now when I think of that terrible moment. But the school-master, still genial (for, indeed, it was the first day of term, and parents were arriving at every moment), patted me on the shoulder encouragingly, and said: "Now, my little fellow, you must not pull a long face. And here is Warren, an old friend of yours, and a big boy, who will take care that nobody eats you up."

Dear old George Warren! I dare say he saved me a licking or two during those first few days, though I do not remember that I was in much danger of being eaten up then or afterward by any one, unless it were by the school-master himself, from whose fierce indignation no boy, however big, could have shielded me. George was four years older than I; but in spite of this great disparity of age we had been friends at home, and in spite of it we remained friends, not only throughout our school-days, but long after our school-days were at an end. I attribute this partly to George's native modesty, and partly to the circumstance that during the greater part of our boyhood we met only in the holidays. Had we been at Eton together we could hardly, I think, have continued to associate upon terms of equality; but Mr. Warren, who was a poor man, with many children, entered his son at a less expensive and famous public school than Eton, and my removal thither in due course of time gave me a certain prestige in my intercourse with George, of which I fear that I was only too ready to take advantage.

But great as was the change from that dreary little private school to Eton, and important as it seemed at the time, it does not now strike me as marking the commencement of a fresh period in my career. To reach a genuine full stop I have to advance several years, to the time when I was nearly eighteen, and the afternoon on which Maud Dennison returned to her father's house.

Maud Dennison and I had been companions as children, and had climbed trees together, and together had caught many a perch and bream in the Broads. She was at that time, as I often remarked to George Warren, "almost as good as a boy"; and the Rector was more than once heard to say, with a sigh, that he wished it had pleased Providence to create her of the other sex. Much as he loved his little girl, it came to him, no doubt, as a relief when his sister, Mrs. Saville, a lady of some wealth and position in society, who had girls of her own, proposed to take Maud, and keep her with her cousins until her education should be completed. The offer was, at any rate, accepted. Maud and I parted—not without tears upon both sides—and forgot one another with the celerity natural to our age. I suppose it was found more convenient that the Rector should run up occasionally to London or to his sister's place in Surrey than that his daughter should spend her holidays at Thirlby, for to Thirlby she came no more; and the chances are that Norfolk would never have been gladdened by the sight of her again but for the sudden demise of the Rector's housekeeper. This melancholy event deprived poor Mr. Dennison of his right hand, and almost of his head into the bargain. He had a right hand of his own equal to any man's for the tying of flies, and he had a head upon his shoulders which was tolerably well stocked with brains; but as regarded the details of every-day life he was as helpless as an infant. To order his dinner was a task altogether beyond him; nor could he find his sermons, his memoranda, his surplice, his boots, or his hat, without assistance. Hence he spent some weeks of hopeless misery and bewilderment, and committed blunders in the discharge of his duties which were talked about all over the parish, before it occurred to him that he had a daughter who had attained, or nearly attained, years of discretion. Long afterward Mrs. Saville described to me how she was sitting in her drawing-room in Portman Square one morning, when the Rector rushed in, excited and dishevelled, to say that he was very sorry to upset existing arrangements, but that unless he was allowed to take Maud home, he believed, upon his honor and conscience, that he should be driven into marrying the house-maid. "What was I to do?" Mrs. Saville asked. "I had fully intended to keep the dear child until she married well—as she would have been quite certain to do within a few years—but, knowing what a simpleton my poor brother was, and how easy it would be for any unscrupulous woman to lead him into making a fool of himself, I simply dared not raise objections. I was sorry for Maud; but I felt that there was no help for it, and that she must go."

So the Rector—who, by-the-way, was anything but a simpleton—carried off his daughter from the pomps and vanities of the metropolis; and thus it came to pass that, as I was walking homeward one evening, I was struck dumb with amazement by encountering at the corner of a lane a young lady of the most surpassing beauty and elegance. I have already mentioned that feminine charms were wholly unknown to me during the early years of my life; and although at this time I had a pretty high opinion of myself—being in the Eton Eight, and being possessed of advantages of face and figure of which I was fully conscious—I was apt to be bashful when ladies looked at me, and I felt myself growing red under the calm scrutiny of this one.

I don't know that I can describe her. In fact, I am quite sure that I can not, though some attempt at description is doubtless necessary. She was slim, and of something less than middle height; she had a low, broad forehead, and an abundance of brown hair above it; but what struck you first of all in looking at her was her eyes. These were shaded by remarkably long lashes, and were of that soft gray color which has no suspicion of blue or green in it, and which is, to my mind, the most beautiful of all the hues which human eyes can possess. With such eyes as that, it really could not signify at all what her nose and mouth might be like, and I don't think I noticed them at the time. Subsequent familiarity with all the features of this lady's face enables me to state that the former was short and straight, and that the latter was rather too large for the then received ideas of beauty. It would not, I believe, be considered so nowadays. She deliberately took stock of my person, and then extended her hand to me with a smile, saying: "I think you must be Charley Maxwell. I am Maud Dennison, if you remember such a person."

I made a clutch at my hat with my left hand, and held out my right, not to take hers, but to show that circumstances made it impossible for me to do so. I said, "Oh, how do you do, Miss Dennison?" (I did not venture to call her Maud, though she had addressed me as Charley.) "I'm afraid I can't shake hands. The fact is, I've been mending the bottom of the old punt, and I've got myself into an awful muddy mess, as you see."

If I am to confess the truth, I was not a little vexed that she should have discovered me in such an unbecoming plight, and was uncomfortably aware that my coat and trousers were the oldest in my possession. However, she laid her little hand in mine without any hesitation, remarking quietly that the mud would wash off; and as she did so I became aware that, for the first time in my life, I had fallen in love.

Sudden, no doubt; but not so very much more sudden, perhaps, than that kind of thing generally is. My admiration was so great that I should certainly have given some sort of verbal expression to it had not my shyness been even greater. But presently she caused all my shyness, and I fear a large part of my admiration also, to evaporate by observing, "You are very much grown."

"As far as that goes, so are you, you know," I returned, rather tartly. In truth, if she had searched for a month she could hardly have discovered a form of criticism more calculated to annoy me.

"Oh yes," she said; "I have grown a great deal, of course—in fact, I am grown up now. You are not quite that yet."

"I'm seven months older than you are, at all events," I retorted.

"Still," said she, "that does not make you grown up. You are a boy, whereas I am a young woman. I am sure you must see that yourself."

I replied that I didn't see it at all.

"Ah, I think you do, or you would not have called me 'Miss Dennison' just now. But we won't quarrel over it," she added, after a short pause.

I explained to her that she was under a total misapprehension. One was obliged to be a little careful, because some people became so awfully stuck up after living in London that there was no knowing whether the slightest familiarity might not offend them. I had only addressed her as Miss Dennison out of politeness.

"Or because you had forgotten my Christian name," she suggested. "Have you forgotten teaching me to climb trees, I wonder? And don't you remember our fishing expeditions, and the day when I was frightened out of my wits by catching a huge eel? You wouldn't take it off the hook for me, and I had to drag it along the ground for ever so far at the end of my line, till I met George Warren, who relieved me of the monster. Don't be cross and disagreeable, Charley, or I shall think that it is you who have grown stuck up at Eton."

This was quite irresistible. My offended dignity was soothed, and I once more realized that I was desperately in love with this new and exquisite Maud Dennison—a fact as to which I had begun to entertain some doubts during the past few minutes.

"And have you come home for good?" I inquired.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered. "My father has discovered at last that he wants me, and I hope he will always find me necessary now. We must try to become friends again, you and I, as we are to be such near neighbors."

No great effort was needed in order to arrive at this result. We walked on together, talking over old times and comparing notes, and I was not a little disgusted when the Rector came hurrying along the lane—the Rector was always in a hurry—and caught us up.

"So there you are, Maud!" he called out; "I've been looking for you all over the place. Come along, my dear child; we must get home as quickly as possible, or I shall have to go without any dinner.—Well, Charley, here's your old playmate back again, you see.—Did you tell Bunce about those rascally poachers? They don't belong to this parish, thank God!—Your old playmate back again. No time for play this evening, though. Maud has got her work cut out for her. My junior curate, I call her—my junior curate. Not but what she ought to take rank of poor Tomkinson, upon my word. Dear, good fellow, Tomkinson; but no head for business—no head whatever."

The Rector bustled on, talking as he went, and Maud paused to wish me good-night.

"Good-night, Maud. May I really call you Maud, then?" I asked, in my most insinuating manner.

She laughed, and looked full at me with her frank gray eyes. "What else should you call me?"

And then she was gone, and I took my way homeward, a changed and exultant creature. I will not make the absurd assertion that I did not sleep at all that night, but I do believe that I lay awake for quite an hour, thinking of Maud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TENDER BACHELOR.

It is not many people who can talk, as Percy Bramwell did at the time of which we are speaking, of four maiden aunts, in the best condition, and established at the same family mansion in the suburbs. Percy was never tired of talking of his aunts, their softening angles, their mellowing complexions, and their yearly improvement as spinsters. He even aired their perfections at the club, and made other members count up their aunts. And he ought to have been deeply considerate of them, as he freely admitted, for his aunts had given the real direction to his life, aside, of course, from that aim of all others in the life of a man of fashion—personal comfort.

While sipping a dainty cup of coffee in the freshest and pleasantest nook of the club parlor Bramwell would go back into the far past of his memory for anecdotes of his aunts. One had once been a trifle comely, and of her her nephew never wearied of telling pathetic stories. He would act out a little scene, for instance, wherein she had come to him and informed him, with a languishing air, that she had dropped her fan or handkerchief in the next room, and had nearly fainted with mortification because she had no attentive gallant to restore it to her. Then he would hasten to the room indicated, pick up the article, hand it to her with a flourish, and become imbued with the conviction that a law of nature had been violated in her remaining single.

Another choice bit of amusement was when Bramwell would tell about the aunt in Quaker gray and a tulle kerchief, who sometimes showed him a pale daguerreotype of a young person who was to have been hers, and whose terrestrial sojourn was unaccountably fulfilled in company with an entirely different individual. The tears which, on such occasions, were shed at Bramwell's elbow, he always asserted, were inexpressibly touching, and were never wiped from his susceptible memory.

His two remaining aunts were very plain in the face, and only knitted and cooked seed-cakes; but they excited his pity no less than their sisters, and he often as a boy, it is averred upon his own authority, contemplated the scarecrows over the corn patch with serious thoughts of inviting them to the house for the purpose of espousing his single relatives.

As for Bramwell's acquaintances, they were constantly coming up to him and telling him of engagements, real or invented, which greatly distressed him, and were said to keep him awake at night. Max Meyers had actually brought one evening to the club a delicate handkerchief, easily recognized as one of Percy's ethereal articles. Meyers swore to having begged it of the monomaniac, because it had been wet with tears before his very eyes, solely on account of an unattractive damsel whose fate Percy had determined to mourn—for he could not love her.

“Is there any one in the club,” asked Fred Durand at this, “who has the temerity of ill manners to tell Bramwell no one would have him if he offered himself?”

“But they would, you know,” said Max. “He is a good fellow, and rich, and as refined as a piece of old ivory.”

“He is a source of amusement, at any rate,” yawned the “fat member,” as James Foxby was called. “So don't let him get married yet a while.”

One day, however, Bramwell came in and announced his own engagement at last. It was to a Miss Fanny Chiltenham. He did not seem much disconcerted that the club men present showed remarkable sobriety upon the occasion. Everybody looked down at the floor or up in the air, and remained unusually solemn.

“Isn't this a little sudden?” ventured Fred Durand, drawing down the corners of his mouth as he lounged back in an arm-chair.

“The circumstances are very peculiar,” remarked Bramwell. “Swansee here is a cousin of Miss Chiltenham's, and may possibly know the unusual articles of the agreement. If so, I have no doubt he will bear me out in saying that I have not very much compromised my usual views upon the subject of engagements.”

“Bramwell is right, of course,” cried the gay member appealed to, and at the same time jumping up and coloring, and suddenly slipping out of the room, and then trying to smother a laugh in the vestibule, at the hall door.

“My good fellows,” says Bramwell, gently, noticing their constrained silence, “you must not be depressed. I desire to invite you all to dinner at six, and you will find me the same man I have ever been. Come, don't look up other appointments, but join me in the best the club can offer, by means of its humble follower, Percy Bramwell, bachelor.” With a wave of his hat, gloves, and cane in one slender hand, he departed, as he said, in order to give directions about some particular wines.

There was a great slapping of knees and tossing of small objects when Bramwell was out of the room, augmented by Swansee, who returned as soon as he found the coast was clear, and waltzed up and down the apartment, talking all the time.

“I would not have told you, you know,” he said, reversing, twirling off, and coming back again, “if it had not been a scheme for curing the poor fellow of his craze. He really has been too much afraid of interesting young ladies to become interested in anybody himself. Of course there is no need of doing a kind action with a glum face, so we might as well laugh over it.”

“Do stop twirling, my dear fellow,” said fat Foxby, panting. “What with all this laughter and your untiring steps, I am all of a tremble. Well, here comes Dan Rostervelt; and I'll wager he don't know a word about it yet.”

“About what?” chimed in Rostervelt, with a sigh. He was a dark, heavy man, who required much instruction before he could grasp situations.

“You must enter into a serious contract not to grumble at our frivolity,” said Max Meyers, coming up.

“You're a parcel of children, and I can't forswear myself about that,” growled Rostervelt. “I can't think why I entered such a juvenile club as this is, anyway.”

Suffice it to say here that their communication was based upon Bramwell's desire to devote his tender care to every girl he became acquainted with, and yet his terror of being bound to any special young lady. We will transfer ourselves to the parlor of the Misses Swansee, whose two cousins, Miss Chiltenham and her brother, were visiting them from a neighboring town.

Fanny was a very pretty girl, with a great aptitude for many things, and the result of this cleverness in her case was an endless fund of spirits. She was as retiring and gentle as possible when she was in earnest, or when her feelings were touched; but at first she seemed to have little warmth of heart. Her brother Will was a year or so younger than herself, and not at all like her, being dark-haired and olive-skinned, while she was fairer, with light brown eyes.

The young people were in the parlor with the exception of Swansee, who really did have business to attend to every day, although he had not long been out of college. The three young ladies, it was evident, were trying to train Will in some rôle with which they had invested him.

“You see, you rogue of a cousin, you must be quite perfect, dejected and all that sort of thing, or Mr. Bramwell will find out the whole farce too soon. You are a model actor, of course, but if you laugh with your eyes or your nose you might as well do it with your whole face. Ernest says that Mr. Bramwell is no fool.” The speaker was Bessie Swansee, Will's particular crony.

“I don't know about Mr. Bramwell's not being a fool,” said Fanny, with a burst of merriment. “I never saw such a ridiculous proposal as he made me in my life, and I believe it is going to last me for a joke as long as I can remember.” Upon this Fanny gave herself up to every imaginable expression of fun and frolic.

Will was made to pose lackadaisically, and roll his eyes, and sob, and glance from under his lashes, and smile fascinatingly over his shoulder, and mope in corners.

“Well, one thing is certain, and it is that I must learn not to laugh in my skirts and wig,” announced Will. “They will make me go off at once if I don't get used to wearing them in a *bonâ fide* parlor.”

“You can't have them till they come back from the dressmaker's, goose,” said Milly Swansee, reprovingly. “I hope all our trouble in suiting your style will turn out successful. Of course I will tone down the light of the drawing-room on the eventful day of Mr. Bramwell's introduction to you.”

“There he is, I think,” whispered Bessie, going to the balustrade of the stairs and looking down into the hall. “I am sure I hear his measured tones asking for Miss Chiltenham. Fanny, why are you not flying down-stairs to meet Mr. Bramwell?”

“Dear me,” said she in answer, “how frequently it comes round! Just reflect, this is the first visit since our engagement, and I am as calm as an icicle. And yet I don't like this part assigned me *quite* as much as I thought I should. I wonder how soon he will find out that we are all making fun of his hobby?”

When Fanny floated down-stairs to receive Bramwell she began long before it was necessary to hold out her hand for the distant shake which was all she thought of permitting in the way of greeting.

They exchanged a few words, during which he gave her a bouquet of roses, and remarked that he was glad to see her put them so entirely in the shade by her own loveliness.

“Are you quite, quite sure,” said she all at once, and sitting down upon the edge of her chair as if ready to hurry away, “that you have not yet found I need the devotion of your life *less* than some other poor girl?”

“Oh, you are really too, too generous,” murmured Percy, bowing. “You remind me most unflinchingly of the stipulations of my courtship; but do you not know that it is dreadfully soon for me to think of another claim than your own? Nevertheless, I thank you. Your consideration for the demands of my conscience is unparalleled.”

“It was so fortunate,” rejoined Fanny, slipping a little further upon her chair, since danger was not imminent from Mr. Bramwell's earnestness of feeling, “that we could understand each other so quickly about all this. It is hardly an engagement at all, you know, placed in this light.”

“Yes, yes, an engagement, Miss Fanny,” replied Bramwell, with great decision, so that Fanny almost dropped her heavy bouquet. “Do not let yourself become vague upon that point. But of course if any one were brought forward by Fate as more hopelessly intended for me than you are, I should have to consider her case. Women are a great responsibility. I have naturally but one heart to give in the end. The end is the thing; and I sometimes wonder how I am to get there. Meantime, here is a token of my regard and sincere preference, which I trust you will let me place upon your finger.”

“I have not the slightest objection,” cried Fanny, smiling dangerously deep, and holding out her graceful arm.

Bramwell held out his hand too, as if with as much contempt for sentiment as she, and dragged a rather large old-fashioned ring over her finger-tip.

“That is an Egyptian turquoise which I believe is seven thousand years old,” he remarked, coughing.

“Are you interested in antiques, then?” asked Fanny, and thought as she spoke of the four aunts whom he so doted on, and of whom she had heard.

“I am interested in anything that is very old or unsophisticated,” replied Percy. “You see, I am the descendant of many self-indulgent ancestors, and I am difficult to move to enthusiasms. The drama and the opera I can only accept as extremely old pastime; and as for the club, it is quite monotonously depressing. I don't know but that I find as much interest in the Obelisk as in a cigar, but it is tantalizing not to be able to smoke it after its date and quality are ascertained.”

“You dance very well for a person of so little buoyancy,” said Fanny, kindly. “As dancing changes frequently, I suppose you have not inherited a satiety of the steps your ancestors took down the centre in old times. I should not wonder, besides, if you did not do yourself justice in what you say, but were really a very pleasant companion, indeed.”

“I certainly hope you will find me so,” exclaimed Bramwell, abruptly, looking up from the top of his silver-headed cane.

“If you give me time—before making a change of sweethearts,” responded Fanny, hesitating, but longing to go on with more impertinence. “The next time you call it may be all over with our engagement, because it all depends upon a third person.”

“Ah, Miss Fanny, there it is again! Your clearness of mind fills me with enthusiasm, your love of your sex exalts my esteem for your peerless self. If by our next meeting,” he added, rising, “I have been forced to contemplate the possibility of transferring my allegiance to another—one, no doubt, less fair—still I shall never be able to think of you without a warmer glow of the heart than I now feel for any one else. If the tenor of our days runs on in sunny unison, without the shadow of change, happy shall I be, as happy I am; happy now and forever.”

“Mercy!” murmured Fanny, astonished.

Bowing low over his shining hat and cane, Percy withdrew. He left his *fiancée* with gleaming eyes, her nose buried in the bouquet of roses, and her feet trembling to convey her as soon as possible to the corner of a lounge, into which she flung herself for a long laugh.

Thereafter she went upstairs, and showed the rest the quaint old ring, but somehow she had got over laughing, and was as quiet as a mouse.

The young people all made up their minds that the next time Bramwell called they would have as much amusement as possible out of Fanny's engagement, especially as they intended so to arrange matters that the young man would break it then and there of his own free-will.

Will Chiltenham, whom Percy had never seen, by special forethought, was dressed in a handsome gown of far better fit and design than those he had been accustomed to wear at college, as pretty girl, in the dramatic performances of his society. His wig was so perfect that he was frightened when he looked into the pier-glass, and came very near throwing up the whole thing lest he should by any chance turn into a creature with long hair, he said.

“I used to be delighted with thorough costumes,” he pouted, “but this is too complete altogether. Look here! I believe you girls nowadays can have your beauty all your own way, if you can do this for *me*.”

“Don't be so proud,” cried Bessie Swansee, “until you have won the turquoise off Fanny's finger.”

The young lady in question went down to the drawing-room once more to entertain her betrothed, and she dropped him a rather humorous courtesy.

He stepped forward to meet her, and kissed her hand. Fanny did not like this piece of familiarity; but she was instantly engrossed by fancying that Bramwell looked quite funereal; and as she said the word in her own mind he pulled out a card with a deep black edge, and she noticed that he was in black from top to toe.

“What can have happened?” she said, starting.

“I did not dare to send up my present card, lest I should give you too great a shock,” he explained. “But this wide band of black denotes a heavy bereavement. My aunts are dead.”

Fanny became dizzy. At last she stammered: “You do startle me terribly. Dear me! did any one ever before have so many aunts all at once, and lose them so suddenly? But really I am very, very sorry. Oh, how can you bear it? Oh, I must run and tell the others.”

“Not for worlds!” cried Bramwell, energetically, lifting his hand, which held the inseparable little cane, to stay her in her flight. “A great anxiety is off my mind. I no longer mourn their lonely existences. I assure you, my dear Fanny, that I will comport myself as cheerfully as I can. Do not spare any means of encouraging and enlivening me.”

Now by this time Fanny was to have told Bramwell of the advent in the house of a very melancholy friend of hers, of whose circumstances she thought it her duty to inform him, since this young woman might prove to be the long-expected and long-dreaded object of his disinterested devotion.

But Will, who was to slip in at about this time, suddenly appeared, betrained and curled, without Fanny's having the least desire to carry out her former intentions. Will did not understand his sister's hesitating manner, and had to make the best of it. So he said,

“Oh, Fanny, you are actually too ashamed of your poor relative to introduce her to Mr. Bramwell!”

As Fanny knew that the only help now was to keep Percy in entire ignorance of the joke (or else he would set her down as heartless beyond retrieve, in view of those aunts), she came forward.

After introducing Percy, she told him that the young lady was a dear friend, Miss Maud Wilhelm, who had come to the city for change of air.

“Having had a sorrow,” Fanny went on, and then quailed, and Miss Wilhelm proceeded with little reserve:

“Oh, I have only suffered like every one else with a wasted affection. I read ‘Elaine,’ and feel faint near violets. I shall soon die. How sweet that will be! Oh!”—the young lady had slid down upon an ottoman placed beside Bramwell—“do you think you and Fanny will ever know the sorrows of heart-ache? I am very sure that can never be, for I hear you have a truly chivalrous spirit, Mr. Bramwell. Oh, do tell me where you got it! Was it by reading *Don Quixote?* But, after all, I believe he was rather a failure. I do fancy-work. Happy people don't need to do it, but I need to; and, moreover, when I have embroidered a few dresses for myself, I really think I must set about earning my living. We can't all marry, you know. That is what I am told the papers are saying.”

“It cuts me to hear you speak in this strain,” said Percy. “How is it, Fanny, my dear, that at the very threshold of our engagement we meet such a pathetic example of my worst imaginings? Miss Wilhelm, look on us; see how perfectly content we are, and take courage for your own future.” Percy stroked his mustache vigorously, and then took out his handkerchief, looked at it as if wondering whether or no he would weep into it, and put it back in his pocket.

“You mock me!” exclaimed Miss Wilhelm, with startling emphasis. “But do not let my miserable life-history interrupt the quiet flow of your spring-time days. Ah, Fanny, I congratulate you from my heart, broken as it is. I was betrothed with an opal, you with a turquoise. Does that make any difference?”

“Of course it does, Maud,” cried Swansee, stepping into the room. “Next time take another stone, and the same man will answer just as well.”

“Swansee!” remonstrated Bramwell, “you must remember that we are in the presence of suffering.”

“I'll leave it to your care, if there is any care to be taken,” cried Ernest. “You've always talked about some panacea for forlorn damsels. I've no doubt Fan will let you off if you hold her to her agreement.”

“Mr. Bramwell is himself in poor spirits,” put in Fanny, gently. “He has lost, Ernest”—but she was afraid they would all laugh if she called up the images of the four spinsters, so she floundered along. “His home is much altered—we must speak more considerately—don't you see Mr. Bramwell's mourning?”

“Dear no,” said Ernest. “Bramwell hasn't got on mourning, child. But are any of your relations gone, old fellow? I know you have none very near.”

“My aunts were very near, I have told you, my dear Swansee. And they are no more. All gone.” Bramwell looked into his hat, and Will and Ernest had time to choke down their laughter a little.

“It sounds like a May moving,” muttered the latter in the Sophomore's ear; and then Maud Wilhelm had to retire to a stained-glass window, or faint. “Bear up, Bramwell,” added Swansee, aloud. “And here come the rest of the girls to help us put a better face on it.”

“What a party we make when we are all together!” laughed Milly as she joined them, with Bessie at her side. “Don't think us intrusive, Mr. Bramwell; we wish to see a little of you, of course. Since we have Miss Wilhelm with us, too, we must try to be more sociable.—Maud, why are you away off there?”

“Maud is quite right to stay there,” objected Fanny to Milly's motion; and she went over to where the stately figure stood, with its puffings of material and Pompadour ruff.

Milly and Bessie devoted themselves to the guest of honor. After a few minutes' chat Bessie said, as if involuntarily, “Poor Maud Wilhelm! how drearily she stands there!”

“I would give anything to see one of her old radiant smiles, wouldn't you, Milly,” Ernest put in.

Maud put her hand round Fanny's waist as they conversed apart.

As for Bramwell, he began to fidget with his gloves, and soon got up.

“Oh, we must not drive you away,” exclaimed Milly. “But we were going to beg you to stay to lunch. We young people are all alone to-day, and it is so hard for us to find ourselves free from concerts and everything; and how many of us are there? One, two, three—”

Maud was putting her hand on Fanny's shoulder now, and Bramwell strode up to her, and rapped her fiercely on the knuckles with his cane.

“I beg your *pardon*, sir,” he blurted.

“What the mischief do you mean by banging at my knuckles?” demanded Will, in his wig and train, shouldering up to Bramwell, while Swansee gave merriment the reins.

“Because you're a rascally jackanapes, and I'll be obliged to you to come where I can flog you,” replied Percy, in an even voice. “Don't dare to go near Miss Chiltenham.” He slid his cane across Will's side as if it were a foil.

“Come, Will, you'd better give up your point and your wig at the same time,” roared Swansee, overpowered by Chiltenham's contradictory appearance. “Somehow or other, Bramwell has come out of the big end to-day.”

“Why, Mr. Bramwell, what does this mean?” interpolated Fanny, as frightened as amused. “How could you ever find out my brother so soon in the rôle of that forlorn young creature?”

“Rôle! rôle! rôle!” cried Bramwell, in a pet with everybody. “Do you suppose you young folks here are the only persons who take rôles? Don't I pretend to having and losing a set of aunts I never saw in my life, for the sake of hoaxing those ridiculous club fellows? And do you suppose, Swansee, that I can not be in earnest under a little rubbish of oddity, and that I can not tell a Sophomore when I see him, like this, in yards of silk and lace? Pshaw!”

“Oh *dear* me!” sobbed Fanny, coming up and holding out the turquoise ring; “how we have all offended you! But here is this; and it was only a joke, anyway, which I trust you will pardon.”

Percy Bramwell looked from her to the ring, and back again. “Oh no,” he said; “that's all settled.”

Fanny was spell-bound.

“This is terrible!” gasped Milly.

“Indeed it is!” exclaimed Bessie.

Miss Wilhelm had skipped off some moments ago.

“Now, I'll tell you, Percy, that's not fair,” said Swansee, getting up from his chair. “Take back the ring, you know.”

“You really must,” said Fanny, brokenly. “I'm dreadfully tired of this folly, and—”

“It is no folly to me, Miss Chiltenham,” said Bramwell, trying not to laugh. “I did not ask your uncle's permission to pay you my addresses in any expectation of giving you up—if I won you. I am sorry if you so understood it.”

“I did indeed,” cried Fanny, beginning to get angry. “And, besides, I am interested in some one—”

“But you know very well you were expected to turn off *fiancée* after *fiancée*,” expostulated Bessie, stepping up with sparkling eyes.

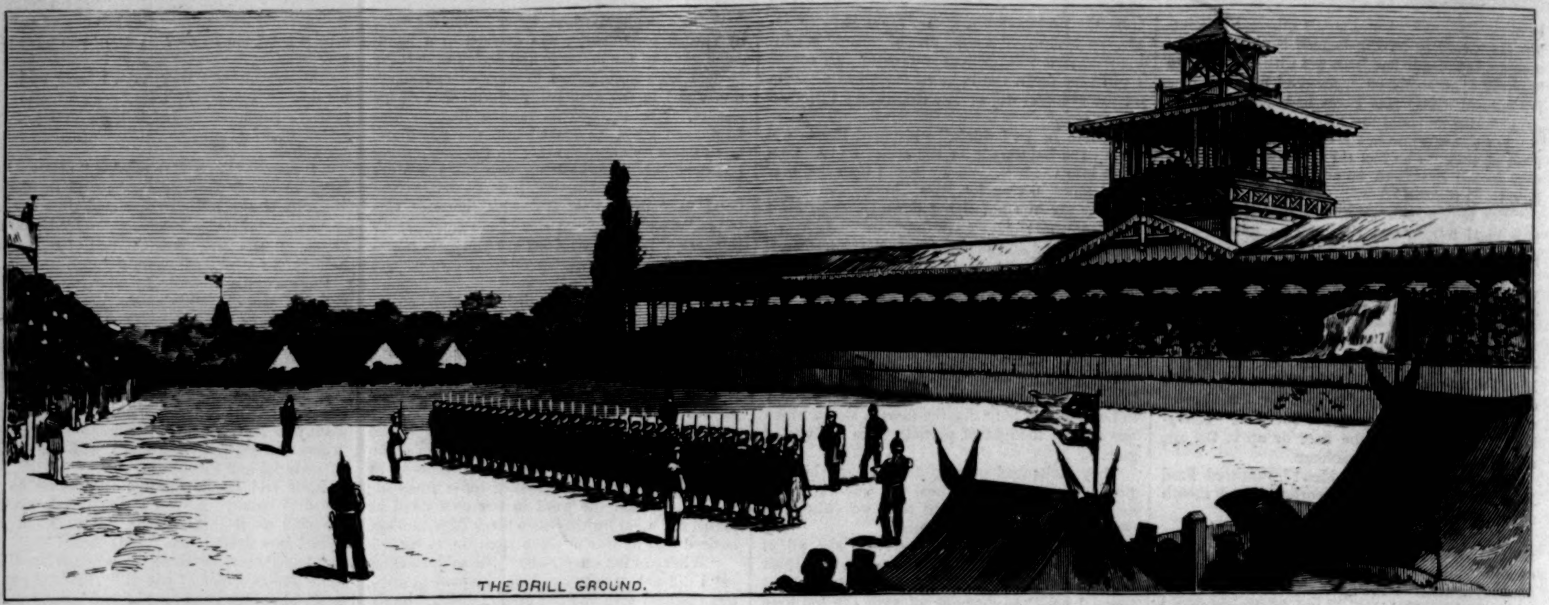
Bramwell raised both hands in mock despair at all their beseeching.

“But it is the facts of the moment that we are to deal with,” he pleaded in his turn, glancing in a very different way from formerly at Fanny's perplexed face. “Just let me have a word with Miss Fanny, and I'll talk to you all afterward.”

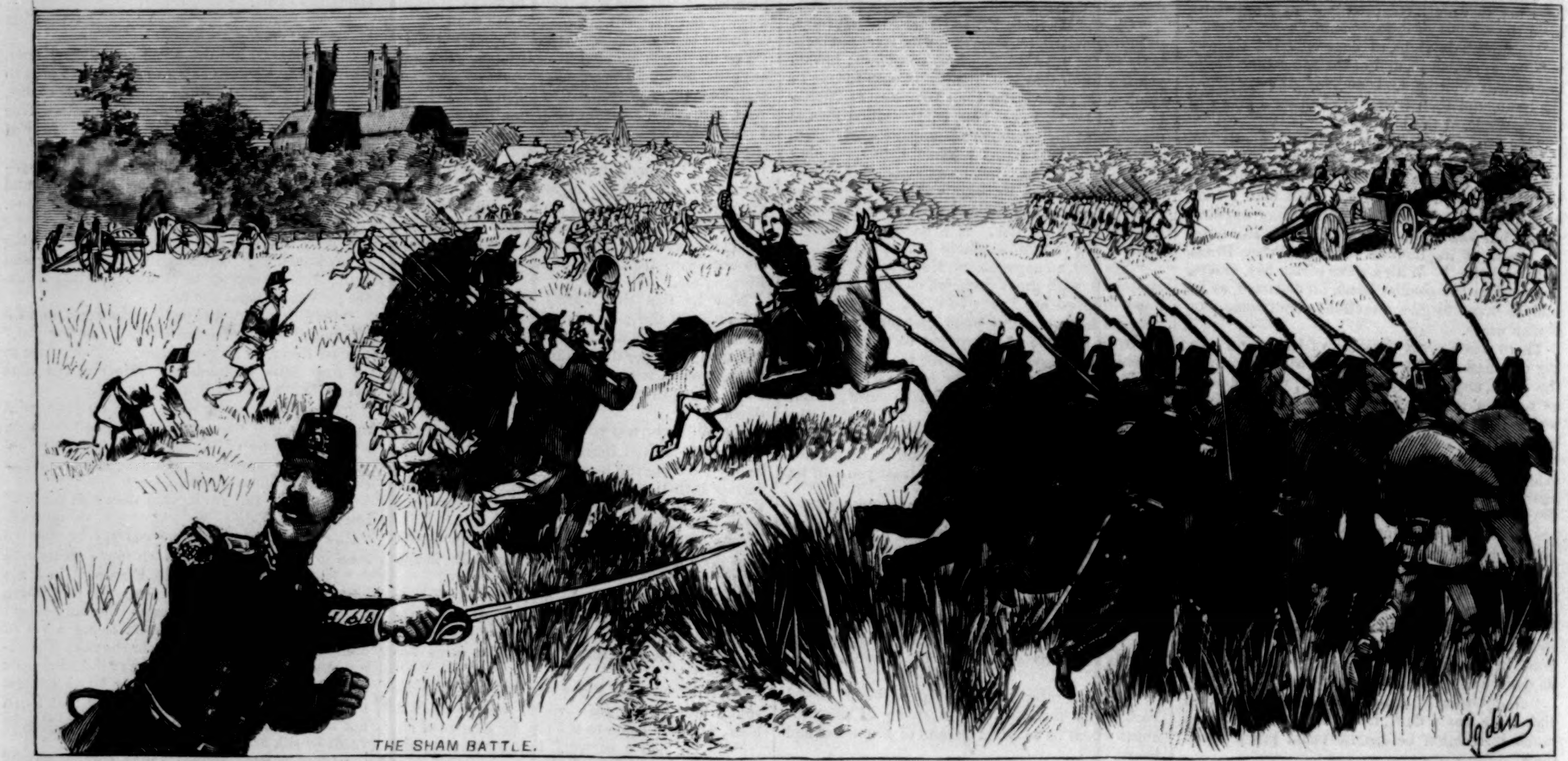
“I might as well die at once!” exclaimed his betrothed. And then she clasped her hands with a revulsion of feeling. “Oh no, I will jilt him!” she cried, in the utmost glee. “Mr. Bramwell, consider yourself jilted, instantly!”

“I don't know about that,” announced Swansee, who had been in a brown-study. “Don't let us go into anything else without due deliberation. But we will decide it all after lunch, and when Will has got out of his frills and tuckers, and can give advice to his sister. Come, Milly, order a royal repast and a loving-cup, and we will sit down amicably to table, while Bramwell tells us stories of his ancestors—twenty-four grandparents to a generation, and all that. By Jove, though, I don't feel sure that he's a truthful man!”

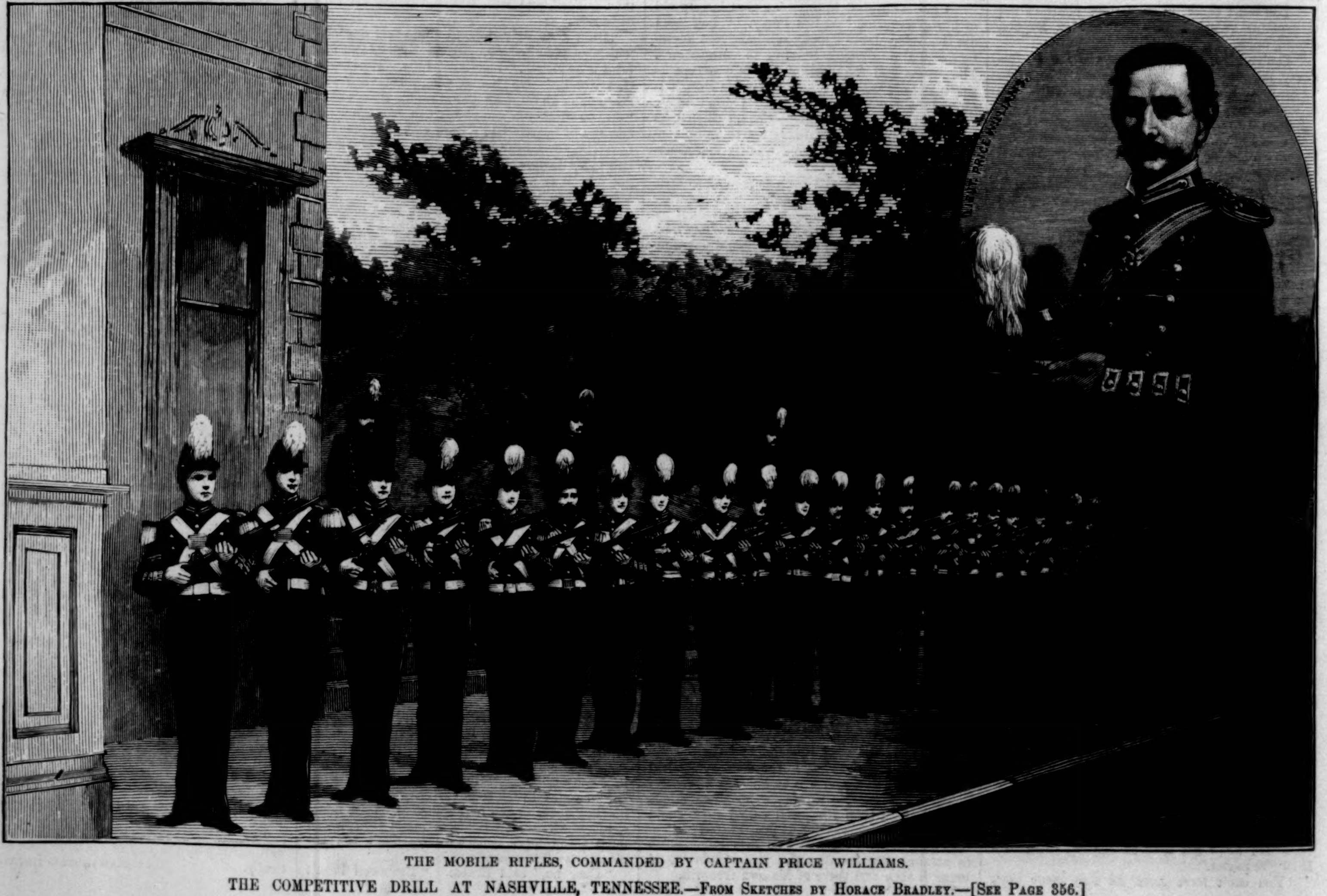
“You've been so open with *me!*” replied Bramwell, curling up the end of his mustache sarcastically. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.



THE DRILL GROUND.



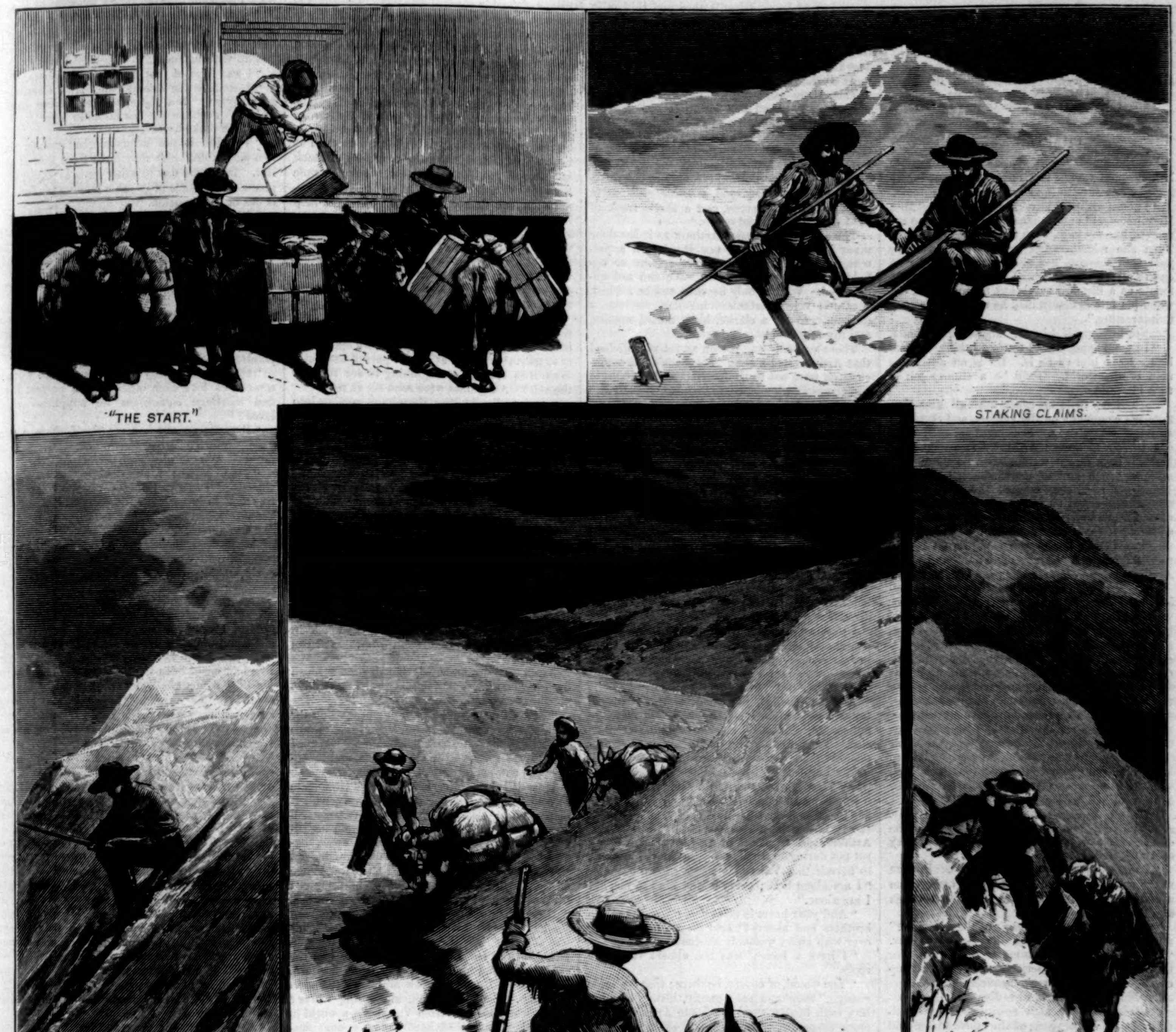
THE SHAM BATTLE.



LIEUT. PRICE WILLIAMS

THE MOBILE RIFLES, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN PRICE WILLIAMS.

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 356.]



"THE START."

STAKING CLAIMS.

SNOW-SHOEING—A MILE A MINUTE.

CAUGHT ON A DIVIDE, IN A STORM.

"TAILING DOWN THE TRAIL."

LUMBER AND PROVISION TRAIN.

"STRUCK IT RICH."

ADVENTURES IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.—From Sketches by J. J. Reilly.—[See Page 365.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery,"
"Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob,"
"The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

For the time being Stephana's projects were to be matter of family talk only, not a hint reaching any one outside the circle, excepting Colette.

"I never withhold anything from Colley," Miss Hermitage said to Stephana; "and she keeps my secrets, like my keys, from the rest of the house." Then she added, rather maliciously: "If once your wild schemes get abroad, there will be an end of all my enjoyment. Valerian's accomplishments as a flirt are worth any money to me, but when his fate is determined he will become quite uninteresting."

"Not to yourself, I hope?" answered Stephana.

"I am no hypocrite. I confess I think you had better leave him as he is. He is an admirable man of the world. 'Twill be a clumsy job to turn him into anything else."

Such sharp little speeches were all Miss Hermitage's comments on the subject, and Stephana willingly let it drop. Nothing happened from day to day to arouse Arthura's suspicion, even had she been on the watch. But no thought of a lapse, much less of deliberate treachery, on Valerian's part, ever crossed the girl's artless mind. She relied on him, on love—but another name for her Valerian—as implicitly as she trusted the loving creatures at home. Valerian could no more betray her or grow indifferent to her than Steppie and Walter, Benjamine and Baby. And was she not more to him even than to these?

No. Arthura's secret heaviness of soul and silent tears shed in the sanctuary of her chamber were not for Valerian. His tenderness, his pride, his chivalrous devotion, seemed sweet green resting-places in a turbulent world. What disquieted her was the daily and hourly necessity for concealment. Valerian would sit opposite to her at the dinner-table, would give her his arm on the terrace, yet she must not smile at him naturally, or utter a single sentiment in harmony with her thoughts. The raillery that had been so easy, the feigned disaccord of former days, the mock quarrelling, were now hateful, even impossible, to her. She could be outwardly cold and collected, she could no longer assume wounded self-love or coquettish indignation.

"Do, my dear, sweet girl, be more like yourself," Valerian would remonstrate. "I know the ordeal is a hard one, but think of me. Is my own task light?"

"I am sure you love me, Valerian. Do you not?" asked the proud girl, bringing her eyes on a level with his own as if to look him through and through.

"If you are sure of it, why put the question?" replied the lover, kissing the beautiful eyes. "But we have only a minute to ourselves. For my sake—your own Valerian's sake—summon up courage. Be bright, gay, unconcerned."

Arthura shook her head sadly.

"Where is your high spirit, your self-confidence? Think, my love, of the storm that would break on my head if once the truth leaked out."

"Oh, Valerian, we can not always play a part! Every day of double-dealing but makes matters worse for us. Let me tell Stephana. She would be our advocate."

"Promise me that you will breathe no word of this to Stephana," was Valerian's quick, irritated answer.

"I made you a promise for once and for all," the girl said, proudly. "Never fear that I shall break it. Only let me go."

"Will you force me into calling you unreasonable?" he said, and once more they were for a moment safe from observation. He kissed her eyes, not seeing the tears. Arthura never let him see her weep. He could not understand; he would only chide. And having found that he had no sympathy with these misgivings and self-questionings, she resolved henceforth to conceal them. Whenever by chance they afterward found themselves alone, she was composed, unremonstrant, self-centred, the fact of having to hide her feelings from her lover making her task doubly hard. Hitherto when by chance they were alone for five minutes his smile of encouragement would smooth away care for days to come. Forced back upon herself, shut out alike from ruth and counsel, no wonder her step lost its elasticity and her eye its lustre! Before her mistress and benefactor she still kept up a show of gayety, but it was the merest gloss and counterfeit only. The young heart was heavy, the high spirit drooped.

The sea consoled her. When a wild wind and a spurting rain kept the lazy world within, she would steal out-of-doors and hasten down to the shore. The sea has its moods, gracious, weird, winsome; none for an aching human heart like it fury. Arthura grew calm and brave listening to these thunderous breakers, wave after wave dashing against the sea-wall, or, like a column of white flame, leaping it and every other barrier. So lowering the heavens, so blurred the visible world, that there seemed nothing else for the eye to rest upon but the gleaming, glittering spray, white and shining in the universal gloom. On days less stormy, when the wind no longer thundered, but blew its bugle note clear and shrill as the kittiwake's cry, and the sun shone clear upon a turbulent green sea, there would be a matchless spectacle. For of every tenth wave—the Roman wave—as the pyramidal waters broke upon the shore, the sun made a lovely little rainbow. One after another might be seen; a dozen before the tide went down. And exquisite was it to see the flakes of foam driven hither and thither in company of the sea-birds—sprites seemed they, and as much alive as the birds—now sparkling for a moment on the brown sands, now vanishing over the house-tops, playing their part for a moment on the beauteous scene.

Then there were the quiet days of mist and pearliness, when all day long a brooding calm wrapped the devastation of yesterday, and these also were good for aching hearts. Again and again a mild sun would try to shine out, and at last, pensive yet lovely, illumined the far-off sea. No glory or warmth elsewhere, only in one direction, and for a brief span, a gentle radiance in one spot of the heavens, and a single track of light upon the dull sad ocean.

The sea, then, consoled Arthura as it has done many another, she knew not why. Is it a portent, a prophecy, we listen to?—rebuke or upholding, blessing or malison? We can not understand. We can only hearken and be hushed. Ineffable voice, matchless monitor, yestreen a psalmody, to-day a clarion blast, music, wonder, and mystery ever!

There was only one person as yet who divined that Arthura had a care. Stephana's quick perceptions were not to be deceived, and she tried to win the girl's confidence, to insinuate herself into her affections—no hard task under other circumstances. From the first Arthura had felt the subtle charm of Stephana's personal influence, and in the early days of their acquaintance had yielded to the seduction, but now she must do so no longer. From every fresh overture on Stephana's part she drew back more and more reticent and undemonstrative. At last Stephana determined to speak out. She was Arthura's senior, her superior also by virtue of position: she might well take the initiative. The pair happened to be alone one afternoon in Stephana's own house, Arthura having gone thither with a message from Miss Hermitage. The girl delivered it hurriedly, even brusquely; then made for the door.

"Nay, stay with me for a little while," Stephana said, taking her visitor's hand and leading her to an easy-chair. "It is seldom I see you alone now, and for days past I have had something on my mind to say to you."

Arthura, flushed, impatient, almost irritated, faltered out an excuse. She could not stay, she murmured. Another time she might be less hurried. Then, unable any longer to confront Stephana's mild yet inquisitorial gaze, she added, with a burst of girlish passion: "I am not happy? That is what you would say, I know."

Stephana made her sit down, and still holding her hand, looked at her anxiously.

"It is not hard to understand," blurted out Arthura, torn to pieces by inner conflict, wanting yet not daring to divulge all, resolved at any cost to herself that Valerian's secret should be kept. "I am alone here; every one is kind to me, but I am alone."

"And your heart is elsewhere; you have little brothers and sisters?" said Stephana, brimming over with sweet womanly kindness.

"I have a home," was the almost vindictive reply.

"You would, of course, be there; that is simple enough," Stephana said, gently, little dreaming how each benign word but made Arthura's case more desperate. The girl felt as if she must unburden herself, must take counsel of this angelically kind monitress. Why, oh, why had Valerian bound her to a promise so hard to keep? Once her sorrows wept out on Stephana's bosom, and she felt that she could go on fulfilling her daily tasks courageously.

"I must stay with Miss Hermitage," cried Arthura; "she is generous as a queen. The children depend upon me, and I have other claims."

"It is true my cousin is very handsome in all her dealings. It might be hard for you to find another avocation so well paid. Yet"—Stephana paused, and leaning forward, kissed the girl's cheek with an air of sweetest encouragement—"I have often thought how delightful it would be for me to have you in London if this intractable cousin would be cozened into parting with you. I am rich as well as she. You would be near your own people. You could help me in many ways."

"I dare not think of it," the girl said, throwing her arms round Stephana's neck, melted at last to tears that well-nigh betrayed her. "If I might only be near you always, and make a friend of you. But I must not, I dare not; I am bound by a promise."

Stephana at once thought of Miss Hermitage and her jealous fear of losing Arthura so far back as a year ago. She could not press the girl's confidences; she could only say little caressing words of cheer and encouragement.

"Let us hope that some day my cousin may get tired of you," she said, playfully. "And meantime I may surely be your friend."

Arthura smiled, a sad, unassenting smile. "No, she cried, with sudden passion, "you must not know, you can not understand. Let me go, Stephana. There is wizardry in your eyes. If I stay I shall yield to it, and break a solemn promise."

What could Stephana do but let her go? Not a single thought of Valerian crossed her mind. Arthura's secret, as she naturally supposed, referred to Miss Hermitage only.

CHAPTER XXII.

When we hire wit and esprit into our service we have surely as good a right to entertainment as to irreproachable dinners from the Cordon Bleu presiding over our kitchen. 'Tis all in the bond. We pay handsomely, and demand only our money's worth. So reasoned Miss Hermitage, who felt no less aggrieved the first time she found Arthura's conversation flavorless than if the chef had sent up roast quail without its orthodox envelope of freshly plucked vine leaf. The girl was bound to be gay, piquant, quick at repartee, ready with playful sallies. It was incumbent upon her to vanquish Valerian in sportive quarrel, to do a little sparring with any one else who might be present, above all to be the sprite, the mischievous elf, the Puck, of Miss Hermitage's dressing-room. Every night Arthura had assisted at her mistress's disrobing. "The best part of the day for me," Miss Hermitage would say, for Arthura's animal spirits and rich vein of fun were then at their height. She jested, she mimicked, she took her dearest gossip to task as if it were Steppie herself; she was diverting in a thousand different ways, and simply because she could not help it. Miss Hermitage amused her no less than she amused Miss Hermitage. This odd love of familiarity, this relish of satire, even when some foible of her own was the object, this predilection for youth and vivacity, were all new to the girl, and made the study of Miss Hermitage's character a perpetual enigma.

For some time Arthura had realized that fictitious gayety is but a poor substitute for spontaneous animal spirits, and only awaited opportunity to tell the truth, or at least a part of the truth. Was Miss Hermitage beginning to see through the veil? All doubts were soon set at rest.

"Arthura," said Miss Hermitage, coming into her room one day, with an irritated almost injured look, "I want you to go and stay with my cousin Constantine for a month—will you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," Arthura replied, she not showing reluctance, Miss Hermitage thought, rather relief. But soon followed an expression of dismay. What was such a sentence but covert dismissal, and what was dismissal but ruin? She discerned clearly enough that the visit to Mr. Constantine was only a pretext, and that when once she had quitted her protector's roof she should never be invited to return to it. Arthura was not slow in reading physiognomies, and to-day plainer than any words she read on Miss Hermitage's, "You no longer amuse me."

"That is settled, then. He is very lonely in London, and sadly needing a reader. Will you go to-day?"

Again Arthura assented, though a deep blush dyed her cheek. Valerian was away! She must go without a word of farewell.

"It is only a visit, so there is no occasion for packings up and good-byes," Miss Hermitage went on, in the same irritated manner. "Well, I will go and telegraph to Constantine, and meantime you can make your preparations."

Thus ended the interview, and Miss Hermitage so contrived matters that there were no other explanations or leave-takings. Even Colette had been sent on an errand that would detain her till after Arthura's departure. Valerian away, Stephana away! Such an opportunity might not soon occur again, and although Miss Hermitage always carried out her intentions, she preferred to do so without remark, much less remonstrance. Arthura was not especially wanted just now, and she had done Mr. Constantine a good turn. This was the only light she should throw on the subject. It was her own affair. No one had the slightest ground for making comments. Arthura, left to herself, sat for a few minutes like one in a dream. She was going, and going where? Into a world shut off from Valerian's, a world in which they could hold hardly more communication with each other than if they were in separate planets. She must never write to him, and never see him. If he wrote, indeed, it could only be by stealth and in strictest secrecy. She should learn nothing of his doings from day to day, and who could tell what else might happen still further to divide, perhaps to estrange?

Oh! this hateful crookedness! Had she only rebelled against it from the first! Then all might have been well, at least with Valerian and herself, and what mattered the rest? She could always earn enough to maintain the children, with the help of Steppie's tiny income. Anything, anything in the wide world but crookedness! thought Arthura, dashing away a few passionate tears before she put her gowns together. Hard as was the service exacted of her by Miss Hermitage, it was only herself she reproached now. And Valerian! on him also would inevitably fall a share of the retribution.

Meantime Miss Hermitage, chuckling over her move, thus communicated it to her one confidante in the world.

"Arthura was too good to last, as I feared. I have sent her away."

The timid little Frenchwoman looked up, too dismayed to speak.

"You goose, Colley! Nothing has happened, of course. The girl has been moody of late, and so I have dispatched her to Constantine. That is all."

Colette still looked the remonstrance she did not speak.

"Constantine has been begging me to let him have Arthura as reader for months to come. He will think I send her out of pure generosity. Is it not a prime joke? On my word, Colley, you look as if I had just uttered some abominable sentiment! I am only doing two people a good turn. It will never enter Constantine's head that I wanted to get rid of Arthura, and for the present I pay her salary all the same."

"Why should you want to get rid of her?" asked Colette.

"The fact is, she is moody. You know high spirits and depression are twins. It is only meek, purring creatures like yourself who are the same to-day, to-morrow, and forever."

"Some little home trouble was at the bottom of it, or the poor child may have had an occasional fit of toothache. We have all our ailments," urged Colette. She played the part of intercessor now as hopefully as if she had not undergone constant checking for fifty years.

"What a child you are! As if, at my time of life, I could afford to be depressed by other people's toothache! You are as innocent as if you had just walked out of Noah's ark. I repeat, I shall deal handsomely by the girl. She is on a visit to Constantine, and we shall see what we can do with her next."

"I was fond of that girl," sighed Colette.

"I confess she amused me," Miss Hermitage said, dryly. "But there was something wrong of late. Perhaps she has fallen in love."

Colette looked unsuggestive.

"Valerian is not handsome, but women find him agreeable. She may have liked him at the last. But some day or other he is to marry Stephana—I am sure of it—so a love match for him is out of the question."

"Might not that be a love match?"

"My dear Colley, you are innocence itself. Now just watch the pair together, Stephana and Valerian. They are as indifferent to each other as it is possible for two people to be."

"Then they should not marry," replied Colette, romantic as in the days of her girlhood.

"That seems to me the very best possible reason for marrying," Miss Hermitage made cynical reply. "They will thus be saved from disappointment afterward."

"Oh, Christina, why may not men and women sometimes love each other with a perfect love, and marriage sometimes be happiness unalloyed?"

"Because no one has set the fashion, I suppose," retorted Miss Hermitage. "Except in novels. We get plenty of perfection there."

"That is why I adore them," Colette said, warmly; "I like to think of married folks living together in utter bliss, like John Halifax and Ursula."

"Twaddle-de-dee! But you're like the rest of 'em," Miss Hermitage made uncouth reply. "When will women write, not of what might, could, would, or should be, but of what Is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Hermitage was deceiving herself when she fondly imagined that Mr. Constantine would be taken in by her little device. Mr. Constantine had never been taken in by a woman during his life—a fact that speaks volumes for his perspicacity. As he conned the telegram announcing Arthura's arrival his face presented a curious study. It was as good as reading an old Greek epigram to watch it.

"Well, what's in the wind now?" he soliloquized, replacing his spectacles. "The old hussy can not be jealous of her pretty handmaid! But I'll be civil, of course. Why, she must have sent me a third dozen of Madeira this year. Heaven bless her! And as to the girl, I am delighted. The old harridan—Lord, have mercy on me!—can not have scratched her pretty eyes out; and these readers one gets through advertisements are all so ugly—so—so unpardonably ugly! How many have I had to see? A score, I am sure; and there were not the makings of a comely woman among them all, not a pair of eyes worth looking at, not a hand or foot worth mentioning, and the rest of a piece. Why do ugly women put in advertisements? The *Times* should forbid it, or at least keep a special column for them. Well, now for a note to the old heathen, God bless her!"

Accordingly Mr. Constantine sat down and penned the following note—a model of the lost art of calligraphy, not a *t* uncrossed, not an *i* without its dot, every letter formed as carefully as if written on parchment to last forever:

"Russell Square, Guy Fawkes Day, 18—.

"Kindest, best of Cousins,—Tottering on the verge of the grave, perhaps never more to enjoy your bounteous hospitality [that will bring me a hamper of game], I sit down with trembling fingers to thank you for the last sign of kindness I have any right to expect at your hands. [I should not be surprised if that brings me a fourth dozen of Madeira. Nothing makes people feel so amiable to you as the prospect of losing you forever.] For you, my dear Christina, are yet in store, as I fondly hope and believe, many years of health and benevolence. [That will please the old pagan, I know.] But the only news you can now expect to hear of me is that I have taken leave of the world, and all those I cling to so fondly, forever. We have had our little squabbles—what relatives have not? But this dear girl shall be, like the Indian boy from Titania to her Oberon, a token of final reconcilement. When I am beyond reach of benignities it will console you to think what a sacrifice you made in order to cheer my declining days. [Had she not wanted to get rid of Miss Pretty Eyes, I might have cried mine out to have her.] But no more. Generosity is ever its own reward, and I always said you had a heart of gold. ['Tis of flint, but no matter.] Heaven bless and reward you, my dear Christina, is the prayer of your affectionate cousin and devoted servant,

"Constantine-Gossip-Hermitage."

The letter sealed and sent off to the post, Mr. Constantine threw himself back in his arm-chair to rest after the exertion. After dozing a little, with a smile upon his face, he rang the bell.

"Are the Pretty Eyes come?" he asked of his housekeeper—starchness and primness itself, although accustomed to her master's humor.

"The—what, if you please, sir?"

"My good Bumstead, Miss Hermitage has sent me a reader from the country—a young lady, who, if she possesses no other qualification in the world, has beautiful eyes. I trust they will be a source of gratification to you."

"Rather of sackcloth and potsherds, sir," Mrs. Bumstead made reply. "What are eyes in woman but a bait for Satan?"

"Well, you shall gird yourself with sackcloth and sit in potsherds, whilst I look at Miss Arthura's eyes."

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

"Oh Lord, sir—at your age!"

"My dear woman, at my age one may do anything. But you will make this young lady comfortable, won't you?"

"One must do one's duty by the Rebeccas as well as the Leahs, sir."

"Aptly said, my good Bumstead. I hope, however, you do not really think the worse of yourself for being comely and well-favored. I am sure, now, if I had seen you—well, say thirty years ago, I should have kicked Bumstead down-stairs."

Mrs. Bumstead blushed, and became amiable in a moment. "Dear sir, how funny you are! Joking to the last! But I had better go and prepare for the young lady."

"By all means. Dear me! it will be dull for her, I fear—Russell Square in November, after the south and the sea."

"Humph, sir! Is a girl to be dancing jigs all day just because she came into the world with eyes twinkling like ship lights?"

"True! true! I wish I could dance a jig with her, nevertheless; and I am sure, Bumstead, though I speak hypothetically, you have a foot and ankle turned for the dance—haven't you, now?"

"Really, sir," Mrs. Bumstead simpered—"how you joke! And at your time of life too!"

"A joke is better than a curse, anyhow," Mr. Constantine replied. "And a neat foot and ankle in a woman is better than a virtuous mind."

"Oh, sir!" Mrs. Bumstead cried, and forthwith took her departure.

A couple of hours later emerged from the fog and the outer gloom a very apparition of sparkling youth and vivacity—Arthura's self, her old self. Not a cloud upon the frank brow, not a care in the bright eyes. To Arthura, indeed, this dreary, antiquated house in what was yet London two generations ago seemed no prison, but a sweet place of liberty. The chains had fallen; her spirit was no longer confined; she could breathe the air of unconstraint and reality.

"I am overjoyed to come," were her first words.

"Come, now," said the old man, "no indiscretion, but just an inkling of the truth. Were you tired of that—of my cousin, or was the old—she tired of you?"

Arthura spoke out for once and for all:

"I could not amuse her any longer, sir. That is the beginning and the end of the matter. But you want no amusing, I am sure," she added, perusing him with girlish candor and admiration.

"That is a very pretty compliment, although not so intended, I dare say. But, truth to tell, my dear young lady, I do want amusing. A man may replace his twentieth sweetheart. What can console him for the loss of his eyesight?"

"I will be eyes, ears, everything," answered Arthura, gayly.

"And a memory too, upon occasions, I'll warrant. Your business will be, however, to read to me. But I am strange and fantastical in my habits—a very owl, consorting with ghosts and darkness, and only alert when others drowse. Are you wedded to midnight sleep, my dear?"

"I dare say I could sleep as well at mid-day, sir."

"Then I trust that you will not be too much startled by my programme. The fact is, my reader's task begins at midnight, and ends—well, sometimes quickly enough, always before the crowing of the cock. Except at that ghostly hour, then, you are free. I have a secretary and man of business to help me with my correspondence for an hour or two in the forenoon. But 'tis only the sweet voice of woman that can send me to sleep when once I assume my night-cap."

"And may I do what I like all day?" asked Arthura, hardly believing in her good fortune.

"Precisely. A friend or two step in for a chat in the afternoon. I can not sit down to a formal dinner table; and although, when agreeable to you, I shall like your company occasionally in the evening, 'tis not in the bond. Do what you please in the daytime, except to practice music and singing over my head."

"I neither play nor sing," said Arthura, modestly.

"How I wish I had a thousand pounds to leave you in my will! A girl who has not driven her relations mad by perpetually strumming the Pathetic Sonata, who has not proved herself the Nemesis of her next-door neighbors by trying to sing— Give me your hand, my dear; I love you."

"Should not every girl know these things, sir?" asked Arthura.

"In a more commodious planet, my dear; not in this. We are all too near one another. But now repose yourself to-day and to-night, and to-morrow evening at twelve of the clock you shall be summoned."

"Indeed, sir—"

"To-morrow," Mr. Constantine said, waving his small white hand, "with the ghosts, the spectres, the wraiths, the phantoms, and all the nightly powers that be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

Some fourteen years ago Americans were seized with a craze for bestriding and riding two-wheeled vehicles called velocipedes. In every city, town, and village of the country riding-schools were established, and in them men and boys of all ages spent much of their spare time and money in learning to master the machine, which was a cross between a hobby-horse and the modern bicycle, and which is now irreverently but aptly termed a "bone-shaker." For this machine, crude and clumsy as it now appears, great things were prophesied, and its enthusiastic admirers could see no limit to its possibilities. It was to revolutionize the art of road-making, solve the problem of quick and cheap transportation for light packages, and furnish a novel and delightful method of pleasure travel. For two years the "bone-shaker" ran its triumphant course, and then it disappeared as suddenly as it had come, leaving its promises unfulfilled, and its very name a by-word for mockery. Discovered to be totally unfit for practical use, and its propulsion to be not only more arduous than walking, but absolutely injurious, it was relegated to oblivion, and, except as a toy for children, was seen no more.

So completely disenchanted were the former adherents of the "bone-shaker" that, when, ten years after its first appearance, their approval was solicited for a velocipede in modified form, called a "bicycle," they received it with scorn and derision, and declared that they had seen enough of such machines. Although the bicycle possesses no more points in common with the "bone-shaker" than a Kentucky thorough-bred horse does with a Mexican burro, an undiscriminating public at once pronounced it a boy's plaything, and a dangerous one at that, since its uncanny appearance on the public roads was calculated to frighten horses. Had not a few practical men with enough common-sense and acuteness to discern the excellent features of the bicycle, and foresee its possibilities, been found to champion it, the fate of the "bone-shaker" would have speedily overtaken it, and for some future generation would have been reserved the inexpressible pleasure and profit which those of us who have learned to tame him now derive from this modern Pegasus.

The first bicycle in America appeared in Boston in 1877, and in February of the following year twelve riders, or bicyclists, organized the Boston Bicycle Club, the first club of its kind in this country. During the same year several other bicycle clubs were formed in Boston and other cities, and in Boston was established the first American company for the manufacture of the machines. During the following year five New-Yorkers, only two of whom were riders, held the first meeting of the New York Bicycle Club, which has existed with fluctuating fortunes until to-day, and is now recognized as one of the foremost and strongest organizations of the kind in the country.

Until 1880, two years after the formation of the first bicycle club, no concerted action had been taken by bicyclists to enforce their rights, and protect themselves against the restrictions and impositions by which they were harassed on all sides. In some places the bicycle was allowed the free use of the public highways, while in others its appearance upon them was forbidden by law; and while some local authorities prohibited its use on sidewalks, but permitted it to occupy the streets, others restricted it to the sidewalks, and drove it from those highways occupied by vehicles drawn by horses. In cases where the bicycle came into collision with other interests, decisions were almost invariably rendered against it. In the public press it has always found some stanch supporters, but a greater number of bitter enemies, who have denounced it as a diabolical invention calculated to do a vast deal of harm, but no good, and who have influenced public opinion against it. In England a powerful association, uniting most of the bicycle clubs of the country, had successfully established and maintained the rights of the "wheel" against all opposition, and in 1880 the necessity for a similar organization in this country had become apparent.

The scheme of a national combination for mutual encouragement and protection first suggested itself to the New York Bicycle Club on account of the strenuous opposition with which their use of the wheel in the public streets was met in this city. Acting promptly upon a suggestion of their president, they issued a note of invitation to all the clubs then in existence to meet with them for consideration of the subject, and to devise measures for relief from persecution. This invitation met with a ready response from clubs in various parts of the country, but especially from New England, and on May 30, 1880, the first grand meet of American bicyclists was held in Newport, Rhode Island.

The 30th fell on Monday, and during the afternoon of the preceding day, while the outer world was drenched with a cold easterly rain-storm, a group of a dozen men already prominent as riders of the wheel assembled in an upper room of the Aquidneck House for consultation. Among this first gathering of its kind were Pratt and Hodges of the Boston club, Parsons and Pope of the Massachusetts, Munroe and Putnam of the New York, Longstreth of the Philadelphia, Clark of the Baltimore, Willoughby of the Saratoga, and Richmond of the Providence club. At this meeting, after much discussion, it was decided that the new organization should be known as the "League of American Wheelmen." "League," to distinguish it from all other clubs, associations, or companies; "American," to show that its interests were as wide-spread as the continent; "wheelmen," as being more euphonious than bicyclers or bicyclists, and the whole because its initials, L. A. W., represented the platform from which the League proposed to claim their rights. A constitution was drafted, and a ticket prepared with Pratt as President, Longstreth Vice-President, Munroe Commander, Parsons Corresponding Secretary, Clark Recording Secretary, Willoughby Treasurer, and a list of consuls to represent the interests of the several States or sections in which bicycles had already come into use. All the measures proposed by this caucus were unanimously adopted by the Convention held in the Newport skating rink the following morning, the ticket as prepared was elected, and the L. A. W. came into existence. In the parade or first annual meet of the League, which followed the convention, 156 riders were in line, and presented a novel and interesting spectacle to the good people of Newport as they wheeled up and down Bellevue Avenue.

The second annual meet of the L. A. W. was held in Boston on May 30, 1881. By this time it had attained a membership of about 1500, of whom 750 formed the procession that paraded through the broad avenues of the Back Bay District. The visiting wheelmen filled the two largest hotels in the city, from the pinnacles of which their banners floated proudly, and the entire area of the Boston Music Hall was required to seat them at their annual banquet.

The third meet of the League was held in Chicago on May 30, 1882; but owing to many unpropitious circumstances it did not prove so great a success as those which had preceded it, and less than 200 wheelmen participated in the parade.

The fourth annual meet of this now powerful organization was held in this city last week, on May 28, and by its complete success proved how thoroughly the League has been systematized and brought into first-class working order. Until now the avenues of Central Park, open to all other pleasure vehicles, have been closed to the bicycle, but they were thrown open to it on this occasion. To the music of the Seventh Regiment Band, with colors flying and burnished wheels glittering in the sunlight, 800 wheelmen, representing some fifty clubs, rode into the Park. Guided by the ringing notes of their cavalry bugles, and riding with the steadiness and precision of a body of well-drilled troops, they passed many thousands of admiring spectators, over roadways kept clear for them by the same police who had so often resisted their efforts to enter them.

Among these 800 riders were clergymen, lawyers, doctors, literary men, and representatives of every honorable profession and line of business. Some of them were gray-headed, and twenty-eight years was the average age of those who composed this novel, attractive, and orderly procession.

At the banquet in the evening, after the parade, letters were read from the President of the United States, Governors, Mayors, and other honorables, while addresses were made by men eminent in their professions and occupying prominent public positions, who, upon this occasion, were proud to be received as guests of the League of American Wheelmen.

The L. A. W. now numbers nearly 3000 members, and its influence is felt in every State and Territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On many of the roadways of the country its neat guide-boards, bearing the League symbol, a wheel inclosing three wings separating the letters L. A. W., have already appeared. In addition to the winged wheels, these sign-boards bear broad arrow-heads, which by their various degrees of inclination convey to the initiated valuable information as to the direction and condition of the road they are to take.

Kirk Munroe.

THE PAYNE MONUMENT.

On Saturday of this week the remains of John Howard Payne will be laid in their last resting-place under the fine monument erected by the liberality of Mr. Corcoran in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C. The remains will be taken first to the Corcoran Art Gallery, and will be escorted from there to the cemetery by a funeral procession consisting of detachments of United States troops and the District militia, the President, members of the cabinet and of the diplomatic corps, judges of the United States courts, Senators and Representatives, the poet and the orator of the occasion, relatives of Payne and Mr. Corcoran. At the cemetery there will be memorial services consisting of a poem by Robert S. Chilton, an oration by Leigh Robinson, selections of vocal and instrumental music, and religious exercises conducted by Bishop Pinckney and the Rev. Dr. Leonard, of St. John's. The vocal music to be rendered by the Philharmonic Society will include "Home, Sweet Home," and the audience will unite in singing the last verses of that song.

The shaft of the monument is surrounded by a bust of the poet. On the sides to the right and left are the ornamental scrolls shown in our engraving in the circles at the foot of the monument.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The latest English "craze" is mule-riding. It will soon be taken up by the American dudes, unless the long-suffering beasts of burden decide that a line must be drawn somewhere.

There is living in Rockport, Maine, a man whose name spells the same backward as forward. It is Esrom Morse. He should take the surname Hannah for a middle name.

A will is on file in Virginia in which the testator makes the modest request that the executors bury him "in the plainest manner possible by the side of my dear wives—whichever may be the most convenient."

Instead of being disposed to avoid discovery and notoriety, the man who has been supposed to be Number One is quite the reverse. He recently sent for the newspaper reporters to tell them that he had nothing to say.

In Indiana a railway train which runs at the rate of only thirty-seven miles an hour is called the "Cyclone Express."

The Irish attack upon the Chinese in this city seems to have been a failure. If the Chinese had been guilty of the hideous offenses imputed to them, a sentiment would have been aroused which would have made it more uncomfortable for Chinamen here than it is on the Pacific coast. But, after as thorough inquiry as could be made through legal process, no evidence was found that the alleged horrors had taken place. The Chinamen greatly dread being brought into court, and those who have suffered arrest are not likely to seek any other vindication than that which goes with their discharge.

A story is told in a Texas paper of a merchant doing business in a town where the sale of everything intoxicating was prohibited by law, who made a large demand for his cocoa-nuts by emptying them of their milk and substituting whiskey. One day, the story goes, the minister of the place dropped into the store to buy a cocoa-nut. The merchant was in despair, and surprised the preacher by telling him that the cocoa-nuts were not fit to be sold to a good customer. Taking one of them up and shaking it, the minister said he was convinced that it must be sound, and would chance it, anyway. The merchant could do nothing more; so he took pay from the preacher at cocoa-nut rates, and fell to planning a story that would let him out of his trouble. While he was thus engaged a messenger came from the preacher with a note which ran thus: "Send me six more cocoa-nuts exactly like the one I purchased of you."

Already the season has produced several novelties in the base-ball line. A game has been played by electric light in the West. In Philadelphia a contest between a two-legged, one-armed nine and a two-armed, one-legged nine resulted in a victory for the former, who now claim the cripple championship of the world. A nine composed of colored women is nearly ready to enter the field. In this city a club has greatly increased its gate receipts by putting a famous pugilist on exhibition as pitcher. This idea might be carried farther. A nine made up of the wild Australian children as the battery, the transparent-headed baby as short stop, Zulus on the bases, and bearded women and living skeletons in the field, would go far toward satisfying even the strongest craving for novelty.

In the paper on "The Bridge as a Monument," in Harper's Weekly for May 26, it was stated that the longest arch of masonry now standing is one of the span of 200 feet in Grosvenor Bridge at Chester. This is an error. The granite arch which carries the Washington aqueduct across "Cabin John Creek" is of 220 feet span.

An Irish priest who preached recently on the effect of a decision under the Land Act took for his text the words, "And the rent is made worse."

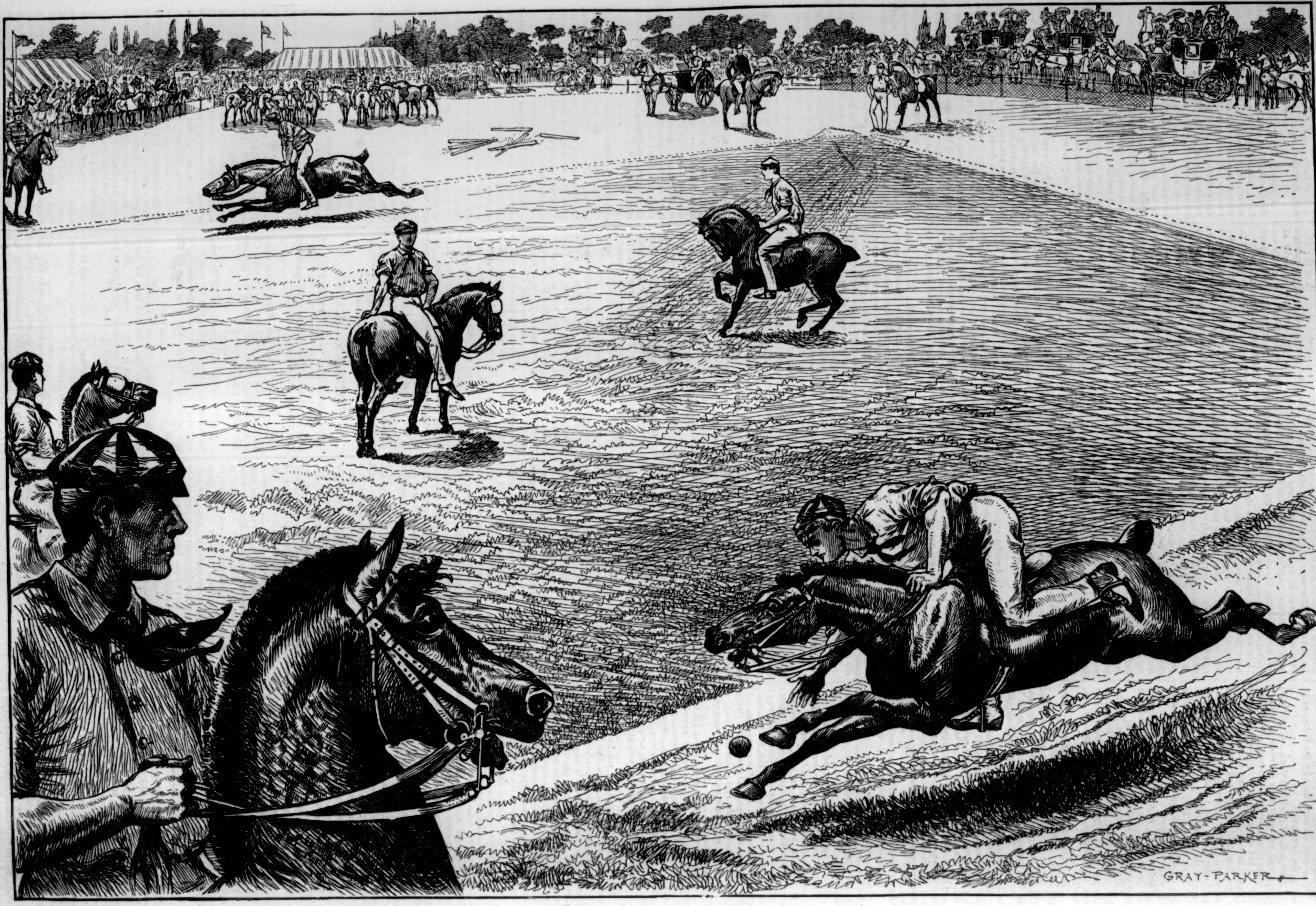
From a very brief abstract of a passage in Colonel Ingersoll's plea in behalf of the Star Route defendants it seems that he indulged in an occasional figure of speech. Thus he said of a witness that "epithets would glance from his reputation as bird-shot from the turret of a Monitor," that in comparison with his "cheek" brass was a liquid, and that it was pleasant "to smell the delightful perfume of a fact in the hell-broth of his perjury."

A Georgia farmer claims to have made a profit of a hundred dollars an acre this season on strawberries. There is reasonable ground, however, for the suspicion that a considerable part of the profit was made on the space between the bottom of the strawberry boxes and the lower edge of the sides thereof.

The credit of having first suggested the project of bridging the East River is claimed by many individuals and several newspapers. Those who were among the first to make known their claims now find themselves in the same unfortunate position as the man who tells the first hard-winter story in a gathering around the stove of a country grocery, and finds later on that in the nature of things there was absolutely no chance for the one who told his story first.

In Boston the barbarian practice of ringing bells when there is a fire still prevails. The other morning sixty blows each on seventy church and public bells told the disturbed residents of a little blaze that was in progress in a Brighton tenant-house.

Steps have been taken toward organizing in this city a yacht club the fleet of which shall be composed entirely of steam vessels. The organization is to be known as the American Yacht Club, and a charter has already been granted to it. About two hundred applications for membership have been received by the incorporators. There is talk of a steam-yacht regatta, to be held early in the fall. It is proposed to make regulations as to the pressure of steam that may be carried which will obviate the perils that would otherwise attend the contest. The steam-yachts owned in this country vary in size as greatly as do the sailing yachts. Mr. Bennett's *Namouna* and Mr. Gould's *Atalanta* are crafts that would not look very small alongside the magnificent line steam-ships that ply between New York and European ports. Mr. Belden's *Yosemite* is another large vessel. Some of the prettiest steam-yachts in these waters are those which are just large enough to be fashioned like the big ocean steamships, yet small enough to show that they are for pleasure and not for commerce. There are many little crafts which would be more appropriately called launches than yachts. The rules of the new club will doubtless determine where the line shall be drawn. There is no reason to fear that steam-yachting will ever take the place of yachting under sail. If the ownership of a steam vessel implies wealth, that of a sailing yacht implies leisure, which many of the rich even do not have. No true Corinthian would exchange his yacht for a steamer any more than he who loves coaching would house his drag and seek pleasure in a railway car.


GRAY-PARKER

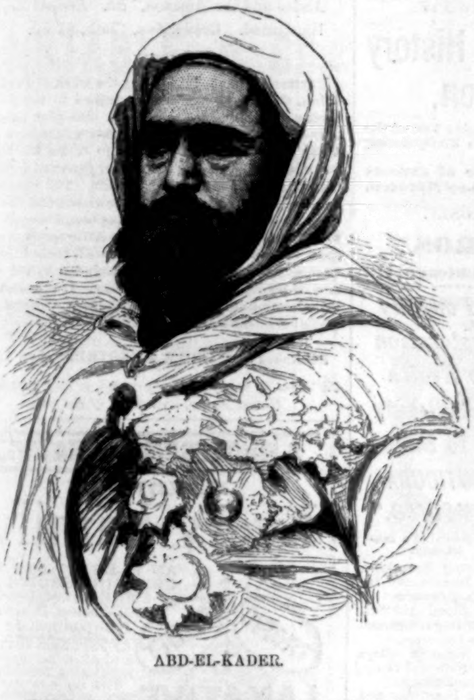
BASE-BALL OF THE FUTURE.

ABD-EL-KADER.

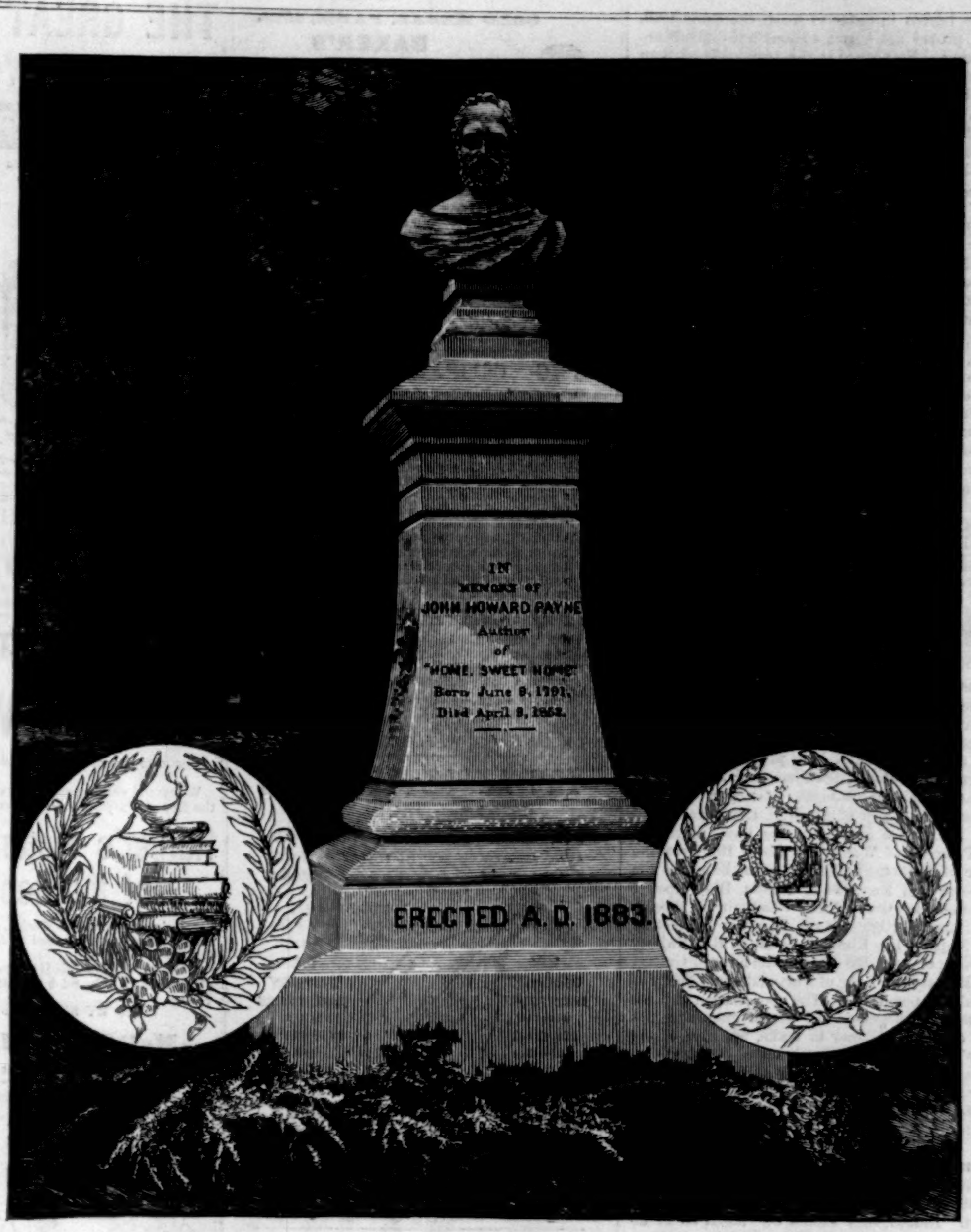
The career of this distinguished soldier and honorable man seems at last ended, although since the year 1873 reports of his death have been circulated and denied several times. **Abd-el-Kader** became famous by reason of the courage and success with which he defended his country against the inroads of the French, and his history was practically that of Algeria from the year 1832, when with an army of 10,000 men he marched to attack Oran, then occupied by the enemy, until the year 1847, when he surrendered to General **Lamoricière**, on condition of being allowed to withdraw to Alexandria or St. Jean d'Acre. This condition the French government immediately violated, bringing their august prisoner to France, and detaining him successively in a fort at Toulon, in the Château of Pau, and in the Château of Amboise, for five years, or until he was liberated by the third **Napoleon**, on the date of the proclamation of the Empire, December 2, 1852, **Abd-el-Kader** having taken an oath on the Koran not to return to Algeria, but to reside at Broussa, in Asia Minor.

This oath, notwithstanding many and great temptations to the contrary, was faithfully kept. Not only so, but the Algerian chieftain went out of his way to manifest his loyalty to the spirit of it. The town of Broussa having been destroyed by an earthquake, he obtained permission to remove to Constantinople, and afterward to Damascus, where in 1860 he presented the singular spectacle of defending the Christians against the attacks of the murderous Turks, his generous and efficient public service being recognized by the award of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In 1870 he wrote to the Emperor **Napoleon** to offer himself as commander of the Algerian soldiers who had come to take part in France's struggle against Germany. The next year he made the same offer to the Government of the National Defense, and a few weeks afterward, having learned that his eldest son was trying to free some of the Arab tribes from French rule, he unhesitatingly disowned him, and pledged again his unswerving fidelity.

After his liberation **Abd-el-Kader** was granted a pension of twenty thousand dollars a year. He visited the Paris Exposition in 1867, and was present at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. He lived very quietly at Damascus, with his three wives and eleven children, devoting himself chiefly to speculations in pearls and diamonds.



ABD-EL-KADER.



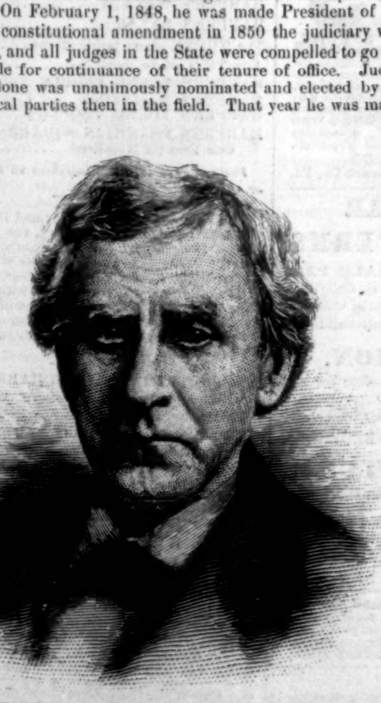
THE PAYNE MONUMENT IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Photo. by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 363.]

THE HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

This distinguished jurist, who died in Philadelphia on the morning of May 28, was born in that city July 7, 1810. He was a descendant of **George Sharswood** who came from England and settled in New London, Connecticut, about the year 1665. After graduating with high honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1828, he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1831.

His legal career was brilliant. In 1845 he was appointed and unanimously confirmed as Associate Judge of the Philadelphia District Court. On February 1, 1848, he was made President of the Court. By a constitutional amendment in 1850 the judiciary was made elective, and all judges in the State were compelled to go before the people for continuance of their tenure of office. Judge **Sharswood** alone was unanimously nominated and elected by all the five political parties then in the field. That year he was made Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania, and when the faculty was reorganized in 1852 he was put at the head of the Institute of Law, in which position he continued for sixteen years.

In 1867 Judge **Sharswood** was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and took his place on the bench in January, 1868. In that position he was noted for his ability, fairness, and diligence. At the close of last year's term he resigned his seat, thus bringing to a close a continuous judicial service of nearly thirty-eight years.



THE LATE HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD.
Photographed by Gutekunst.

THE ASSISTANT BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

The Rev. Dr. A. M. **Randolph**, rector of Emanuel Episcopal Church, Baltimore, who was recently elected Assistant Bishop of Virginia, is a native of Winchester, in that State, where he was born in 1836. He is a son of **Robert Lee Randolph**, of Fauquier County. His great-grandfather, **Robert Randolph**, was a colonel in the Revolutionary war. **Edmund Randolph**, an ancestor, was the first President of the Continental Congress. Dr. **Randolph's** mother was **Mary Magill**, of Frederick County, and a granddaughter of Colonel **John Magill**, who served in the war of the Revolution with General **George Washington**. He was graduated with honors at William and Mary College, where his ancestors for eight generations were educated. After a course at the Episcopal Theological Seminary near Alexandria, he was ordained to priest's orders. He served as chaplain in Stonewall **Jackson's** army. He was called to Christ Church, Alexandria, in 1866, and in the fall of 1867 to the rectorship of Emanuel Church, Baltimore, where he labored faithfully for over fifteen years.

IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.

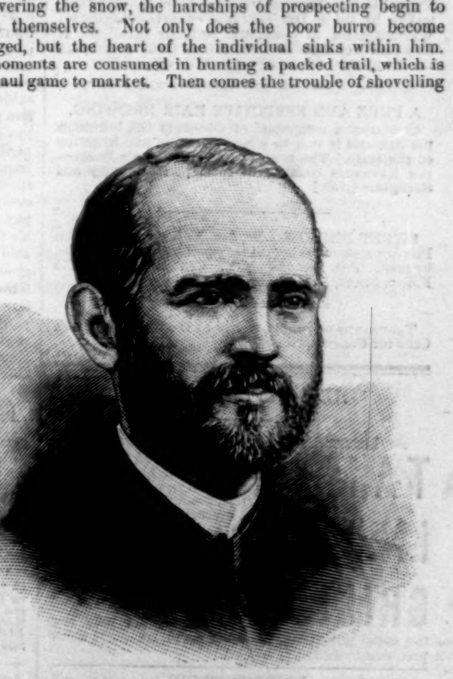
That portion of the San Juan country known as the Red Mountain district, situated in Southwestern Colorado, is at the present time creating considerable excitement, owing to the discovery of large bodies of rich mineral.

The district comprises an area of about forty square miles, lying between the San Juan and San Miguel ranges, and varies in altitude from 10,000 to 13,500 feet above sea-level. The character of ore predominating in the immediate vicinity of Red Mountain is an argentiferous galena, carrying gray copper and gold. It seems strange to relate that in a country where from six to twenty feet of snow fall during the winter a "trail"—a space large enough for an animal to pass through—could be kept open for the shipment of the precious metal; nevertheless it is true, and to-day it presents an active and lively scene. One train after another laden with minerals is to be seen descending the slope of the mountain; when unloaded, at the nearest point to the wagon road, they return again with provisions and lumber for building purposes.

The impetus given through the wonderful discoveries that are of daily occurrence has started five towns over a divide of 11,500 feet above sea-level, and as there are no wagon roads, everything has to be packed in on a burro (*Anglice*, ass) or mule train. It is an interesting sight to see the driver of a down train get his animals in position to allow the up train to pass him. Occasionally an animal becomes unmanageable, and the two trains become so mixed up that the greatest confusion prevails. The yelling of the drivers together with the braying of the burros makes the most hideous noise imaginable. Now and then a burro is crowded off the trail, and rolling over and over down the mountain, suddenly lands on his feet, staggers for a moment, looks around, then walks off as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened.

The greater part of the prospecting in this section was accomplished on snow-shoes, as it was late last fall before the value of territory was realized. Fully two thousand prospectors are at work, and before midsummer it is estimated at least ten thousand will endeavor to woo the giddy goddess. Capital is coming in from all parts of the country; and the immense quantity of goods consumed fully convinces the investigator that the San Juan will in the near future rank as the leading gold and silver producing region of the United States.

When a mining excitement is instigated by numerous discoveries of rich mineral, every foot of available ground is sometimes staked off almost as soon as its success is assured. Unexplored territory next attracts the attention of the prospector, who, eager to get in first and obtain the most desirable locations, sometimes takes desperate chances in reaching the goal of his aspirations. On reaching the greater altitudes, particularly in the spring of the year, through a wooded country, he encounters patches of snow, over which, with a heavily laden burro, it is almost impossible to pass. Once the animal breaks through the crust covering the snow, the hardships of prospecting begin to manifest themselves. Not only does the poor burro become discouraged, but the heart of the individual sinks within him. A few moments are consumed in hunting a packed trail, which is used to haul game to market. Then comes the trouble of shovelling



THE REV. A. M. RANDOLPH, D.D.
Photographed by Cummins.

for the burros in order to reach the game trail, which proves not only a tedious but difficult undertaking. No sooner is the trail reached than a violent storm breaks upon him with all the fury of a blizzard, and in a few moments the trail, which was perceptible for a long distance, is completely covered, and he is obliged to rely upon the blazed trees that serve to mark its course. Occasionally an obstinate animal will wander off into the snow, and after floundering around for a few moments—all the time receiving the caresses of an enraged prospector in his own peculiar way—is restored again, taking great care to follow the course designated by his master.

The summit, or divide, is now reached, 11,800 feet above sea-level. The rest of the journey is all down-hill, and the most hazardous. Here and there, hidden from view by the recently fallen snow, along the trail are patches of ice; should man or beast slip and fall when rounding a steep part of the mountain, he would be hurled down thousands of feet, and probably land where no human help could reach him. At this juncture the prospector takes his burro by the tail, which is termed, in miners' lingo, "tailing," and hangs on like grim death, carefully feeling his way along to the bottom or over the worst part, when a feeling of thankfulness comes over him, and he vows he will never undertake such a journey again, little dreaming how near death's door he had passed but a moment ago.

HONORS TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

[*From Galignani's Messenger, May* 12, '83.]

Those interested in the progress of art applied to metal work in general and to silverware in particular, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated house of Tiffany & Co., of New York, with a branch in Paris, have just been appointed Imperial and Royal Jewellers and Silversmiths to the following Sovereigns: Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of England, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Wladimir of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Emperor of Austria, His Majesty the King of Belgium, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the King of Greece, His Majesty the King of Portugal, and other distinguished potentates. The appreciation of these august personages is the surest guarantee not only of the excellency in make, but also of the truly artistic and refined taste displayed by Tiffany & Co. in the forms and decoration of their silver.

The Hon. W. H. Hunt, the American Ambassador to Russia, in a letter, says: "Compliments such as these from such distinguished rulers of the most enlightened countries of Europe are of more than ordinary significance. They are the tributes of approved connoisseurs in art to merit. Indeed, they should be viewed as of interest to the American nation. Hitherto we have been reproached with being a people solidly devoted to the merely profitable industries of society, devoid of interest in the refining tastes of art. These recognitions of the pre-eminence of your skill and artistic merit and good taste in the device and manufacture of æsthetic works mark our national progress in that direction, and are a response and refutation of the charge often made against us of indifference or inability to compete successfully with the older countries in progress of refinement. It is simply true that our advanced position in these matters, as well as our reputation abroad, is greatly due to your enterprise and the beauty and originality of your productions."—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

Dr. P. P. Gilmartin, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."—[*Adv.*]

GRAY HAIR

Turned to its natural color, pimples and blotches eradicated, by using Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment. Warranted for 36 years, and perfectly harmless. It also prevents the hair from falling out. Sold by all the druggists. 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

A PURE AND EFFECTIVE HAIR DRESSING.

Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

SWEET BREATH.—Dr. Jas. X. Knight's Stomach Powder makes the breath as sweet as a rose. 50 cts. by mail. P.O. Box 1585, N. Y. Crittenton, Agent, 115 Fulton Street, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

Thousands of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

LUNDBORG'S
RHENISH COLOGNE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH
(HEARSON'S PATENT, U.S.A., JAN. 10, 1882.)

A self-feeding reservoir pen, writes continuously with any ink and by means of a pen with ordinary nibs.

PENS TO REFILL, (Fine, Medium, or Broad Points), 40c. PER BOX.

MAY BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET WITHOUT LEAKING AND IS READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE

$1.00 POCKET SIZE REQUIRES NO ADJUSTMENT

THE ORDINARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HAND-WRITING ARE ENTIRELY PRESERVED

$1.50 DESK SIZE PEN RENEWABLE AT PLEASURE

FITTED WITH A NON-CORRODIBLE PEN.
Simple in construction and not liable to get out of order.

POCKET SIZE $2.50 FITTED WITH PALLADIUM PEN (IRIDIUM-POINTED) *Flexible as Steel, durable as Gold.* DESK SIZE $3.00

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS & SOLE LICENSEES,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

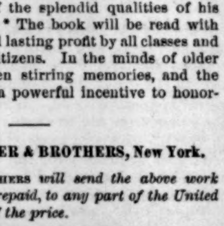
MEMOIRS OF GENERAL DIX.

Memoirs of John Adams Dix. Compiled by his Son, Morgan Dix. With Five Steel-plate Portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00.

"The life of General John A. Dix, from his fifteenth year, when, fired by the example of his father, he entered the United States army at the commencement of the war of 1812, to the close of his administration as Governor of the State of New York in 1874, was, with the exception of a few short intervals, one of uninterrupted activity in the public service. During a large portion of that period the country was confronted by some of the gravest problems which a nation could be called upon to solve, and in the discussion of these questions, as well as in the momentous events into which they developed themselves, the subject of this memoir bore a conspicuous and effective part. This work, accordingly, has a profound interest, not only for those who may desire to learn the particulars of the career of an honored and useful citizen, but also for those who are earnest students of the course of affairs in the republic during the most critical years of its existence. It is at once a biography of General Dix and an epitome of the history of his times. * * * The story of this extended and honorable career Dr. Dix tells with loving elaboration and proud appreciation of the splendid qualities of his father's character. * * * The book will be read with intense enjoyment and lasting profit by all classes and parties of American citizens. In the minds of older readers it will awaken stirring memories, and the young will find in it a powerful incentive to honorable ambition."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



THE AMERICAN
Double Action Revolver,

32, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Sold and used throughout the world.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

WAR VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(*Now entirely out of print and the plates destroyed.*)

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to

Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion,

Same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

2 vols. Price, delivered, free of express charges: Cloth, $14; Half Turkey Morocco, $20.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

McDONNELL BROS.,
113 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13. We GIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated—free to all.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to Mr. J. G. Crotty, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The NEW DEPARTURE

Makes Education *free* and Self-Instruction *easy.* Learn to *write*, spell, and punctuate; also, English Grammar at the same time by a new and natural system. More learned in a day than in a month by the old method. Sent by mail on receipt of $1. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Sells at sight.
E. R. PELTON & CO., 25 BOND ST., NEW YORK.

CARDS New Styles: *Gold Beveled Edge and Chromo Visiting Cards, finest quality, largest variety and lowest prices.* 50 *chromos with name,* 10c., *a present with each order.* Clinton Bros. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

"OPERA BOXES."

Beautiful set of *Imported Cards*, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

REASONS
WHY
MRS. THOMPSON'S
PATENT WAVES ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS.

1.—*The PATENT SPRING conforms itself in shape to EVERY head.*
2.—*They DO NOT HAVE A FALSE, wiggy look, as all others have.*
3.—*They cannot tear or break apart, but outwear THREE of any wave made.*
4.—*They CANNOT WRINKLE or SHRINK with dampness, but keep their shape for years.*
5.—*They do not fade as quickly, for they don't require dressing as often as others.*
6.—*They are only dressed with a WET COMB, when they get MUSSED, and are known to remain in order for a year without redressing.*
7.—*I GUARANTEE EVERY ONE to be CURLY HAIR, or refund the money paid.*
8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *they look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

PRICES from $6 to $12 (Blond and Gray extra). Also, the most ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of SWITCHES from $5 to $50. GRAY HAIR A SPECIALTY.

☞ Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO HEADQUARTERS OF
MRS. C. THOMPSON,
No. 32 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.

REVISED EDITION OF ORTON'S ZOOLOGY.

Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A.M., Ph.D., late Professor of Natural History in Vassar College; Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," &c. *Revised Edition.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 80.

Reviser's Note.—In revising the work of Professor Orton, the writer has not attempted to rewrite the book nor to introduce new ideas. His plan has been to insert such changes as the author would have been likely to make if he had lived to revise his books. On only two points has the reviser departed from this plan of altering only minor details. The chapter on Development has been largely rewitten, and the classification of the Invertebrates has been changed so as to separate the worms from the Arthropoda and the sponges from the Protozoa. In both these cases the change seemed imperatively demanded by the progress of Zoology in those directions. It is hoped that the alterations in the book will increase its accuracy and usefulness.—Edw. A. Birge, *University of Wisconsin.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

A WHOLESOME CURATIVE.
NEEDED IN
Every Family.

TROPIC
FRUIT
LAXATIVE

AN ELEGANT AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indisposition, &c.
☞ SUPERIOR TO PILLS and all other system-regulating medicines.
THE DOSE IS SMALL, THE ACTION PROMPT, THE TASTE DELICIOUS.
Ladies and children like it.
Price, 25 cents. Large boxes, 50 cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the Young People with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the Magazine with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be entered with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Specimen copy of Harper's Young People sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to Harper & Brothers.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Nine Cents in Postage Stamps.

TEACHERS supplied with positions in all grades of Educational work. Send stamp for circular. Brookway Teachers' Agency, Times Bldg, Chicago.

30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

NEW STORE.

Le Boutillier Bros.,

Of 23d Street.

BLACK SILKS.

The best and most reliable in the market, at $1 00, $1 25, $1 50, and $2 00.

BLACK and COLORED SILK and COLORED SATIN RHADAMES at $1 00, $1 25, and $1 50. These are 25 per cent. under regular prices.

SUMMER SILKS in large variety at greatly reduced figures.

FINE ALL-WOOL double-width Dress Goods at specially low prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in WHITE LAWN SUITS and JERSEYS.

Ladies' **BLACK and FANCY LISLE THREAD HOSIERY** at greatly reduced prices.

Latest novelties in **PARASOLS, COACHING UMBRELLAS, SUN UMBRELLAS, &c.**

Prompt and careful attention to all Mail Orders. SAMPLES SENT.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SHOP BY MAIL.

Please note the address:

LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,
Of 23d Street.,
31 & 33 West 23d Street, New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Opera Lisle Threads, Bleached, Unbleached, and Colored.

Silk Opera Hose, in the newest colorings.

Real Point Lace Embroidered Silk Hose.

Silk Sleeveless Cardigan Vests—in every variety of color.

Novelties in Gentlemen's Lisle Thread, Silk, and Balbriggan Half Hose.

Boys' Ribbed Cotton Hosiery (Gussetted Feet).

Broadway and 19th St.

The Best Work of its Class,

SAYS THE *N. Y. TRIBUNE*,

Is M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

This great work is complete in Ten Volumes, with 2500 illustrations, numerous maps, and 30,000 subjects.

NOTICES.

From the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., *President of Yale College.*

I am very favorably impressed with the thoroughness of the work.

From the Rev. Bishop J. F. Hurst.

It embodies the best that Germany has produced, while its range of topics is far more comprehensive than in Herzog or any book of the encyclopædic class.

The most important and compact library of reference in the English language for the Biblical student. —*Jewish Messenger*, N. Y.

No religious library can pretend to being complete without this noble and great work.—*Boston Advertiser.*

There is probably not in the English language a cyclopædia of religious literature which can compare with this in breadth, scope, and thoroughness of execution.—*Evangelist*, N. Y.

The most valuable single work accessible to the Bible student.—*Examiner and Chronicle*, N. Y.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

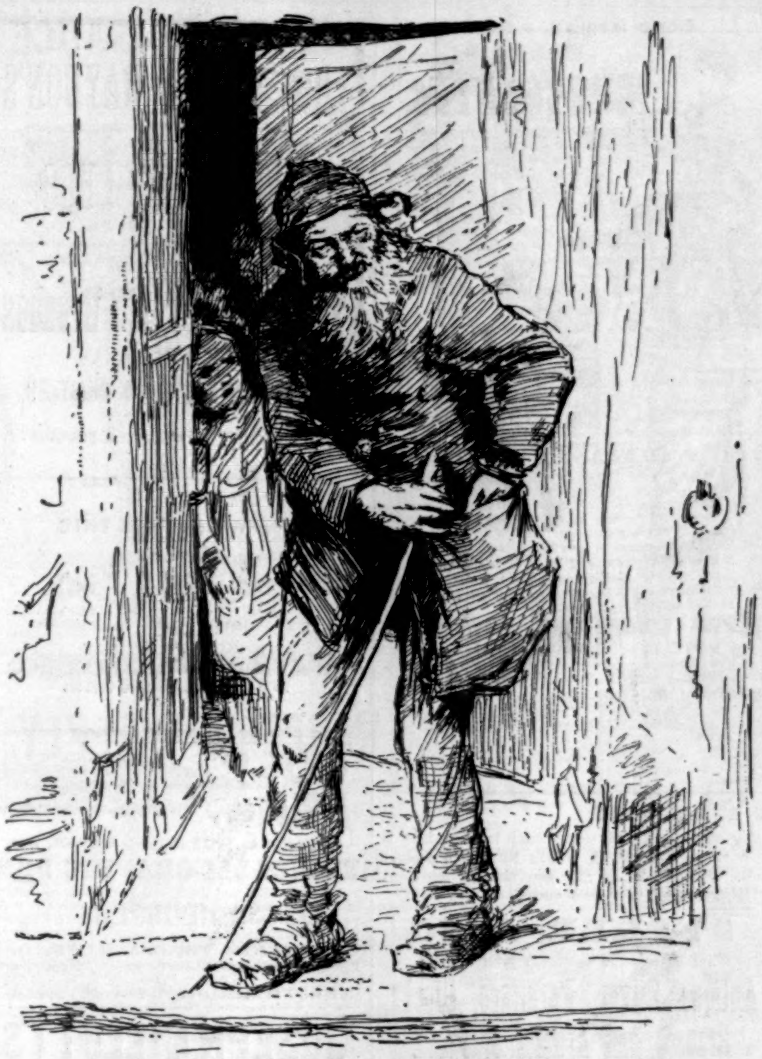
Parties wishing to examine the above work, with a view to purchasing, can have an agent call on them by addressing

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York City.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.



A REGULAR SUMMER VISITOR.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and **natural** sleep, without **morphine.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D.,
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—**an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.**

PAVARA PILLS.

These pills do not purge, but they assist nature to perform her functions in a **perfectly natural manner,** without pain, nausea, or any inconvenience whatever. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, gelatine coated (tasteless), and the only **SPECIFIC FOR CONSTIPATION.** Recommended by Physicians. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail for **50 cents.**

Wholesale Agent,
C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

Address all communications to the **T. B. Laboratory,**
Send for circular. **P.O.Box 991, New York City.**

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1883.

By W. Pembroke Fetridge.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily and Malta, Egypt, the Desert, Syria and Palestine, Turkey, Greece.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain, United States, and Canada.

☞ *Any of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Buffalo Lithia Water,

A powerful solvent of Stone in the Bladder. Invaluable in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys; specific in Gout and Rheumatism; highly efficacious in Acid Dyspepsia, &c. Endorsed by Dr. J. Marion Sims, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond (late Surgeon-General U. S. Army), and other eminent medical men. Water, in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5 00 per case at the Springs. Springs pamphlet sent to any address.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., } Agents,
CASWELL, HAZARD, & CO., } New York City.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

Bellany's Patent Drawers & Custom Shirts.

Have your Shirts and Drawers made to fit you. We will make you a Sample shirt and drawers. Send for Catalogue containing diagrams and instructions for taking measures. **J. BELLANY & SONS,**
1034 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COUNTRY. WHO can make from $6 to $10 a day. Send for circular and terms. WM. HEES, Artist, 107 Walker St., N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN ADAMS DIX. By his Son, Morgan Dix. In Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, Uncut Edges, $5 00.

II.

SPANISH VISTAS. By George Parsons Lathrop. Illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cover, $3 00.

III.

MOSAICS OF BIBLE HISTORY. The Bible Record, with Illustrative Poetic and Prose Selections from Standard Literature. By Marcius Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

IV.

COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A.M., Ph.D., late Professor of Natural History in Vassar College. *Revised Edition.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 80.

V.

GAMES AND SONGS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN. Collected and Compared by William Wells Newell. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental Cover, $1 50.

VI.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Prepared for Publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 4to, Paper, 30 cents. Also, Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VII.

NAN. By Lucy C. Lillie, Author of "Mildred's Bargain," "Prudence," &c. A Story for Girls. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VIII.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Robert Scott, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition, Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of Prof. Drisler, of Columbia College, N. Y. 4to, Sheep, $10 00.

IX.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations. Seventeenth Edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By Benjamin Vincent. Revised for American Readers. Large 8vo, 810 pages, Cloth, $5 00.

X.

THE REAL LORD BYRON. New Views of the Poet's Life. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

XI.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Twenty-second Year (1883). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per vol. *The volumes sold separately.*

XII.

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Justin H. McCarthy. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

XIII.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE 18TH CENTURY. By Thomas Sergeant Perry, University Lecturer on English Literature, Harvard University. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

XIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE CANOE CLUB. By William L. Alden. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XV.

DIALECT TALES. By Sherwood Bonner. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Cloth, $1 00.

Mr. Scarborough's Family. By Anthony Trollope. 20 cents.

Honest Davie. By Frank Barrett. 20 cents.

A Sea Queen. By W. Clark Russell. 16mo, Half Bound, $1 00; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

The Ladies Lindores. By Mrs. Oliphant. 16mo, Half Bound, $1 00; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Like Ships Upon the Sea. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. 20 cents.

No New Thing. By W. E. Norris. 25 cents.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. 20 cents.

Stray Pearls. Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess of Bellaise. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 15 cents.

The Story of Melicent. By Faye Madoc. 10 cents.

The Hands of Justice. By F. W. Robinson. 20 cents.

☞ *Harper & Brothers will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

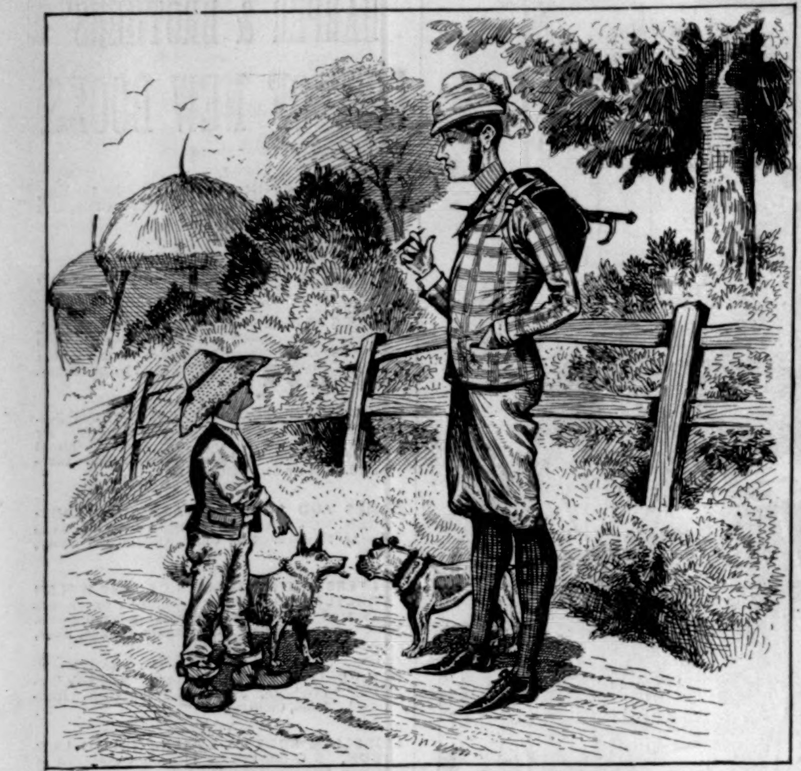
☞ *Harper's Catalogue mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

WANTED 8 or 10 Successful BOOK AGENTS of pluck and enterprise to operate as **GENERAL AGENTS** to hire and train others to introduce a **NEW WORK** of extraordinary merit and great salability. Positions are worth **$1,200** to **$2,000** a year. Address, giving full particulars of experience, age, etc., HUBBARD BROS. 723 Chestnut St., Phila. Pa.

NOW READY—The **Phonographic Dictionary.** By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Price, $2 50. Send for specimen sheets. Sold by all booksellers, or address Phonographic Institute, Cin'ti, O.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.



THE INQUISITIVE RURAL MIND.

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up said: "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"

PUBLIC SPEAKERS

ARE often greatly annoyed, and their best efforts impaired by Hoarseness, caused by protracted or undue exertion of the vocal organs. To such **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is recommended as an efficient remedy, quickly soothing irritation of the Throat, and allaying an inflamed condition of the larnyx, thus not only giving temporary relief, but preventing many other serious affections of the Throat and Lungs. ☞ *Ask your Druggist* for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

FISHERMEN!

TWINE and NETTING

MANUFACTURED BY THE

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.

WM. J. HOOPER & SON,

No. 6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for price-list, naming county and state. Please mention this paper.

THE BEST TYPE-WRITING MACHINE MADE:

THE CALIGRAPH.

Superior quality of writing-machine supplies. Ribbons and Manifolding Paper a specialty. Send for Catalogue.

BARRON & FRACKER,
27 Union Square, New York City.

HORSMAN'S CELEBRATED

Send Stamp for Catalogue.

E. I. Horsman,
80 & 82 William Street., New York.

LAWN TENNIS.

HOW TO MAKE **PHOTOGRAPHS.**

A copy of the above work, with Descriptive Catalogue, given to any one who contemplates the purchase of an Amateur Photographic Outfit. Photographic Supplies of Every Description.

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING CO.,
421 Broome Street, New York.
W. IRVING ADAMS, Agent.

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

CONGRESS WATER.

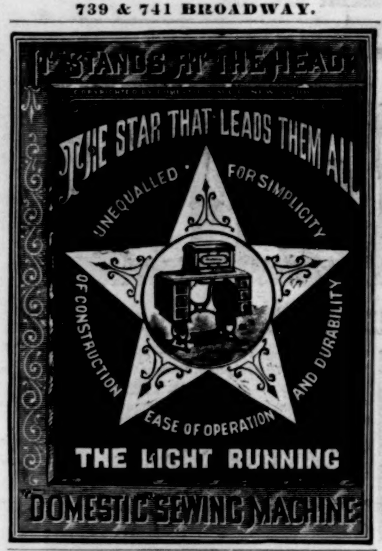
Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

SYPHER & CO.

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE

Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.

739 & 741 BROADWAY.



IT STANDS AT THE HEAD

THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL

UNEQUALLED FOR SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION AND DURABILITY EASE OF OPERATION

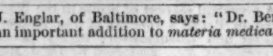
THE LIGHT RUNNING

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING,
Steam Pipe & Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Mill Board, Sheathing, Fire Proof Coatings, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

Round Writing



BOOK FOR SELF-INSTRUCTION & PENS.

Mailed for $1.50 by Stationers, or
KEUFFEL & ESSER, New York.

THE BEST THE DUEBER WATCH CASE

Dr. J. W. J. Englar, of Baltimore, says: "Dr. Benson's Pills—an important addition to *materia medica.*"

LOW, SON, & HAYDON'S
Flower de Luce

The Howard Tooth Brushes

HAVE

SECURELY FASTENED BRISTLES

AND CAN BE FOUND WITH ALL DRUGGISTS.

PINS BEARING THIS
TRADE MARK.
P&A
ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS
MANUFACTURED BY
THE PLUME & ATWOOD MF'G CO.
WATERBURY, CONN.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE TODD & Co NEW YORK
6

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.

THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.

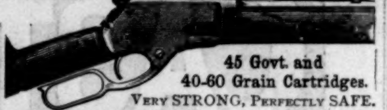
A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
Cor. Nassau and Liberty Sts., New York.
Send for Price-List.
OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE



45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.

VERY STRONG, PERFECTLY SAFE.

THE BEST RIFLE in the world for Large Game. Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, Manipulation easier, Finish finer, than that of any other rifle. **MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

Print Your Own

Cards, &c. Press $3

Large sizes for circulars, &c., $8 to $90. For pleasure, money-making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

FOR THE MAJOR.

A Novelette. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, Author of "Anne." Ill'd. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

A story so sweet and simple that it suggests an old-fashioned plaintive ballad. She has chosen the most picturesque materials that America affords. * * * There are no analytical, wearisome dissections of the emotions of the various characters, it belongs to no particular school, and to the casual reader will not be so full of interest as Miss Woolson's "Anne." But from a literary point of view it is more finished, and to a critic interested in striking peculiarities of character it will prove a valuable study.—*N. Y. World.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

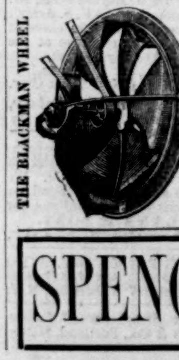
☞ *Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.*

EARL & WILSON'S
PATENT "SHORT BAND" COLLARS
AND "BEAD EDGE" CUFFS
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co., Cleveland, O.

AMERICAN STAR SOFT CAPSULES THE BEST. Also, Star Empty Capsules. All Druggists.

"I had Salt-Rheum for 19 years. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured me." F. P. Lavelle, Merced, Cal.



BY THE USE OF

BLACKMAN'S POWER VENTILATOR WHEEL

We can remove Foul Air, Steam, Smoke, Dust, &c., from any building; can make any hot room cool; can *thoroughly Ventilate* Hotels, Restaurants, Factories, Mills, Theatres, Mines, Vessels, Laundries, &c. Send for descriptive circulars. Also, send diagram of room or building to be ventilated, giving contents in cubic feet, and showing all openings. Address all communications from Western States to

EXHAUST VENTILATOR CO., 111 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

From New York, New Jersey, and the New England States, to

HOWARD & MORSE, 45 Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

From Pennsylvania and the Southern States, to

EXHAUST VENTILATOR CO., 27 North 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPENCERIAN WRITING FLUID.

Made of the finest Chemicals known. Combines three important qualities: **Fluidity, Color, and Durability.**

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
753 Broadway, New York.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I am 74 years old, have lived 34 years in Philadelphia, and well known among Germans. I have been troubled 12 years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable, and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache and fever, in fact, was very sick. I saw in the German *Democrat* that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise, right from the first, my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs, and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters. JOHN STOLL,
No. 4 Young's Alley, above Willow St.

STIPPSHILL, IND., Nov. 13, 1881.

Dear Sirs,—I have read so much about Hop Bitters, and always being afflicted with neuralgia, weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health, I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle, and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a trial. LUCY VAIL.

Beat the World.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.

L. S. LEWIS, LEWIS'S Axle Machine.

LEETONIA, PA., April 13, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicines, and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y.; none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters, and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.

Very respectfully yours, R. HUNT.

Gentlemen,—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction; one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John B. Green, 728 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced *rheumatism.* He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep, his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the *Christian at Work,* he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles effected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest residents in the locality named, and known as a gentleman of unusual probity. HENRY TOTTEN,
672 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE JELLOWAY MU. A. ASSOCIATION,
JELLOWAY, O., March 18, '82.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co.:

I have been using your Hop Bitters, and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease (viz., superior to all others).

J. L. HILDERBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness, and Blindness.

OFFICE UTICA MORNING HERALD,
UTICA, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved.

Respectfully yours, J. J. FLANIGAN.

Hop Bitters Co.: June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors, who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after using a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly, I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds.

JAMES COONTS,
Beelington, Barber County, W. Va.

Wicked for Clergymen.

I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or patent medicines, but when a really meritorious article, composed of valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.

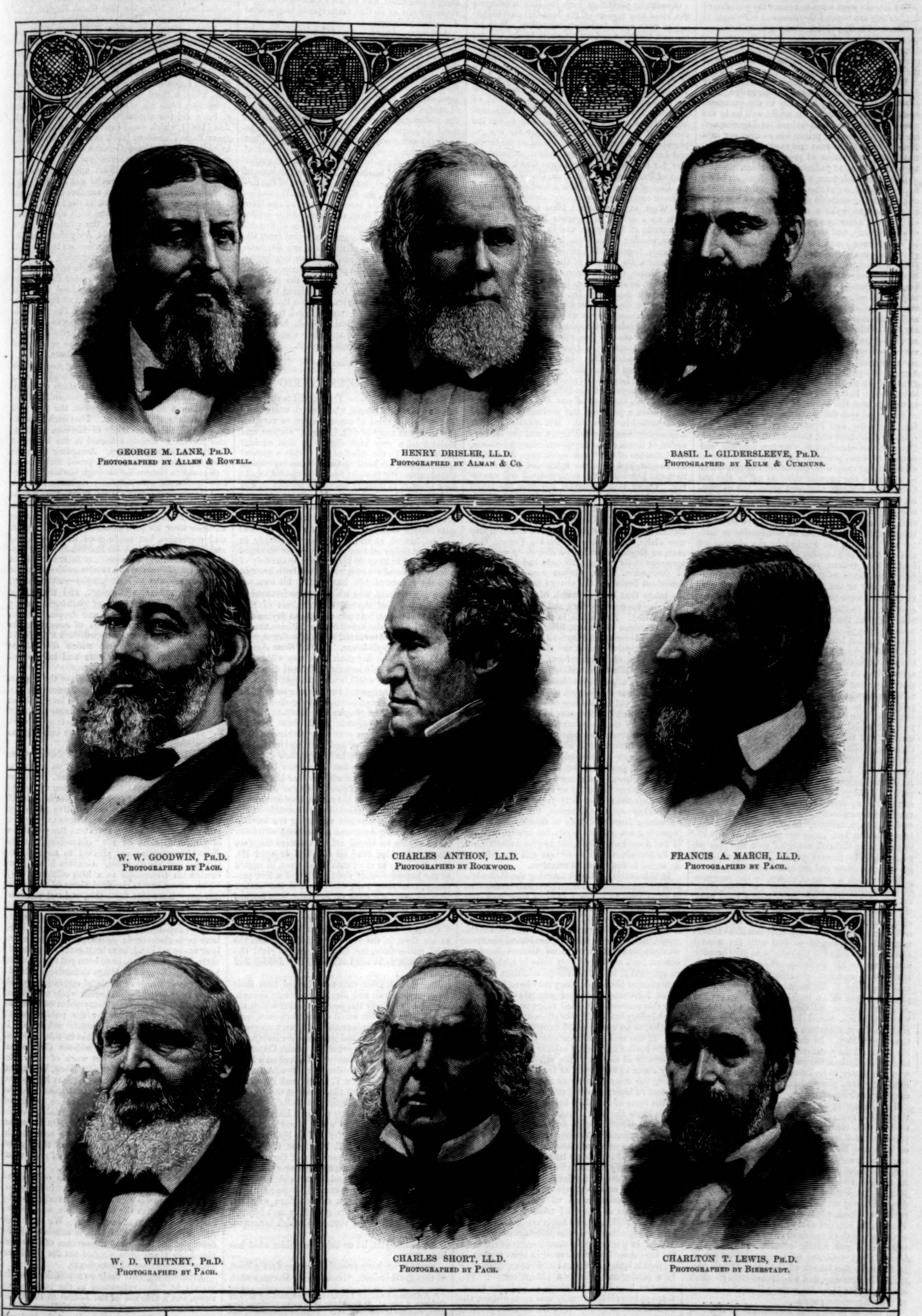
REV. B. R——, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

I had severe attacks of Gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne County, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.



GEORGE M. LANE, Ph.D.
Photographed by Allen & Rowell.

HENRY DRISLER, LL.D.
Photographed by Alman & Co.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, Ph.D.
Photographed by Kulm & Cumnuns.

W. W. GOODWIN, Ph.D.
Photographed by Pach.

CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.
Photographed by Rockwood.

FRANCIS A. MARCH, LL.D.
Photographed by Pach.

W. D. WHITNEY, Ph.D.
Photographed by Pach.

CHARLES SHORT, LL.D.
Photographed by Pach.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS, Ph.D.
Photographed by Bierstadt.

SOME AMERICAN PHILOLOGISTS.—[See next Page.]

PROGRESS OF GREEK PHILOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Greeks were wont to extend the practice of the healing art beyond the diseased individual to the diseased body-politic. Among them it was no uncommon thing, when a state was fallen into any disorder, or weakness, or organic trouble, to call upon some philosopher to make the diagnosis of the disease and to prescribe the remedy. Thus of Plato especially we are told that his practice upon sick states was large and remunerative. And surely if there be any certainty in the processes and results of philosophy, it might well be in the power of a wise and well-trained intelligence, acting upon philosophic principles, to discover in a disordered state the seat and cause of its malady, and by the application of proper remedies to remove, or at least to palliate, its troubles.

Had some such man, a modern Plato, standing to the knowledge and thought of our time as Plato stood to the knowledge and thought of his, been called upon to make a diagnosis of the mental state of the American people in the first quarter of this century, and to prescribe for its ailments, he would have found his patient suffering from grave and repulsive disorders. And the wise physician's sense of the gravity of the case would have been deepened by seeing the sick man's utter unconsciousness of all disease, his fantastic self-complacency, his noisy pride in the very symptoms of his disease as the proofs of his robust and vigorous vitality. Such a physician, in studying the condition of his big and unruly patient, would have seen too many evils, indeed, and disorders too complicated, to admit of any brief or simple classification. But in the main the troubles of his patient, the American people, about 1825, might have been reduced by analysis to these three: In the first place, the physician would have seen that the action of the American mind, as compared with the contemporary mind of England, Germany, and France, was marked by exceeding feebleness and narrowness of movement. Thought was exercised on very few subjects, and outside of some practical problems there was in all the higher ranges of speculative thought either no action of the popular mind at all, or else action of the feeblest kind and within the narrowest limits. In the second place, our physician, in studying the American literature as the expression of the American mind, would have seen that this literature, apart from its deficiencies in matter and thought, was marked by the absence of artistic form, by a crudity and shapelessness that robbed it of artistic worth. Both in the poetry and in the prose of the time, whatever the intellectual vigor or the strength of feeling and conviction that were present, there was, with few exceptions, no feeling and no forming touch of genuine art. In the third place, our physician, in watching the phases of busy American life, would have seen that life deformed and discolored by the most violent intolerance of opinion on all the great questions that agitate, and must always agitate, human societies. To be orthodox in religion according to the narrow canons of an unintelligent provincial orthodoxy, to be orthodox in politics up to the point of accepting even the abuses of our own system as the best possible form of social organization, to be orthodox in conduct and behavior up to the point of eating, dressing, feeling, thinking, and living according to the standard of one's neighbors—this was the condition of living happy, or even safe, in an American community. Society seemed in grave peril of stifling all variety of excellence, and of settling down into one dead level of ugly and uncultured monotony. Foreign observers of us and our ways, however friendly they might be, began to fear lest under the pressure of this intolerant and illiberal majority rule the play of mind might be forever crushed, and the rise and growth of culture and art made impossible.

Before such a state of things, in the presence of this narrowness and ugliness and fierce intolerance of American life, what would have been the course to be taken by our imaginary physician, the treatment to be recommended, the prescription to be given? By what remedial means might he have sought to deal with the mental and moral disorders of his patient, to give breadth and range to his thinking, artistic form to his intellectual creation, generosity and tolerance and sweetness to his social life? Had such a physician been called in, his prescription for the American people, we think, his remedy for its worst ailments, would have been a course of study in Greek literature and a severe training in Greek philology. In the crisis of our national life, as in all the great crises of man's intellectual history, Hellenism, the power of the Greek spirit, was the power to be invoked in order to bring light into dark places, health into diseased and disordered civilization.

The prompting of nature, the craving of a few thoughtful men, did for us the very thing that such a wise critic of our disorders might have prescribed for our condition. An acute student of literature, Mr. Sharp, in his life of Dante Rossetti, has traced, indeed, the nineteenth-century renaissance of England to the mediæval revival in religion and in art that began about 1833. But in the United States our renaissance was due not to any revival of mediævalism, but to the revival of Greek studies and of Greek philology. The mental impulse that was needed came to the educated youth of our land from the fervid inspiration of a few widely scattered professors of Greek, from students of Greek philology, who had caught the breath of the great philological revival in Germany, and who transmitted the flash of those great ideas from their German teachers to their American pupils.

In this, as in all great movements of thought, the common feeling of the need to be supplied and of the danger to be averted led mere isolated workers, without combination and even without knowledge of one another's work, to press forward in the same spirit and toward the same goal. In the city of New York, Dr. Anthon, Professor of Greek at Columbia since 1820, himself a German by parentage, took the lead in bringing the ideas and results of the best German philology to bear upon American education. Both by his own teaching and by his many books, and especially by training his illustrious pupil Dr. Drisler, he did a work of far-reaching results in the spread of classical learning. In the University of Virginia, Dr. Harrison, Professor of Greek since 1830, turned with enthusiasm to the study of the German philology, and was perhaps the first of American teachers to penetrate into the full meaning of Bopp's great achievement, and to use the results of the comparative grammar for the exploration of the structure and syntax of the Greek and Latin. At Harvard, Dr. Felton prepared the way for the solid and sagacious Greek scholarship of Dr. Goodwin. At Yale, Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Hadley made their Greek school the centre of a Greek revival that swept over many States. In the West, at a somewhat later time, Dr. Boise built up a school of vigorous Hellenism in the University of Michigan; and in 1856 Dr. Gildersleeve, coming fresh from his Greek studies in Germany, began at the University of Virginia that lofty and acute method of Greek study which has given shape and direction to the philological movement in all Southern institutions.

Since the days when Dr. Anthon and Dr. Harrison began their fateful work of inoculating the crude American schools with the Greek learning and the philological method of Germany, more than half a century has passed. In these fifty years Greek culture in America has been slowly and steadily advancing. In Greek scholarship itself, as proved by the last edition of Liddell and Scott's great Lexicon, to which the labors of Drisler, Gildersleeve, and Goodwin have given its peculiar value, the best of our American scholars have shown a precision and perfection of method unsurpassed in the world. But outside of Greek scholarship itself, by the direct and the indirect action of Greek culture upon our educated classes, the influence of the Greek spirit upon the national thought, and upon the spirit and form of the national literature, has been distinct and vitalizing. Under that masterful influence the faults and weaknesses that marred the intellectual life and the social life of our people are fading out of sight. Instead of being narrow and feeble in mental action, the educated mind of America may now claim, in comparison with the French, German, or English mind, to be singularly wide and generous in its sweep of thought and in its range of discussion. Nay, against many phases of American literature the charge may be reasonably made that in their width of range they are becoming too cosmopolitan, and too thoroughly denationalized. And, again, in the structure of our best American literature, both in prose and in poetry, however much may still be lacking in the forces of creative genius, the striving after artistic perfection of literary form is carried to the pitch of an almost fastidious daintiness. Most important of all, as the noblest result of the Greek spirit upon our culture and civilization, in our social life the old intolerance of opinion has given way to a spirit of toleration in religion, politics, and customs that is unsurpassed on earth. In the same communities where fifty years ago life was made intolerable to all that had the bad luck to differ from their neighbors in any of their opinions or practices, the foreign observer may now find a broad and generous toleration that is often mistaken for laxity or indifference. Thus, in all directions, after fifty years of penetrative and widely spreading action, the Greek spirit emanating from the study of Greek literature is beginning not only to mould the intellectual life of the American people, but to give artistic form to its literature, and sweetness and liberality to its social feelings and its manners.

In this revival of Greek learning the Hellenists of America have been forced by the circumstances of their lives to follow a path of their own, and to give to our American scholarship a peculiar kind of excellence. These scholars, living apart from the great libraries and museums of the world, and knowing but at second-hand the manuscripts and art remains of Greece, have, of course, been able to do very little in archæology, in epigraphy, or in the higher criticism. These branches of Greek philology they have left to the more fortunately situated scholars of Europe. But this narrowing in their range on the one side of philology has led, by the concentration of their studies, to an unsurpassed excellence on the other. If the text of the ancient writers has been in the main fixed by the scholars of Europe, and especially of Germany, the scholars of America may claim to have gone as far as the farthest in fixing the meaning of these texts by the scientific system of interpretation, and in the classification of the facts of language by the logical analysis.

To know the Greek language means, at last, to know an almost infinite number of facts, and to impart a scientific knowledge of these facts means to invent a system of classification by which the knowledge of them may be most easily acquired and most easily retained. In this process of classifying the facts of the Greek language, the facts of inflection and word-use and syntax, the supremely practical mind of the American has achieved one of its chief triumphs. Here the American philology may fairly claim a certain degree of superiority over the philology of Germany itself. In the scientific classification of the facts the best American workmanship is as perfect in its Greek lexicography and its Greek grammar as in a sewing-machine or a patent reaper. The problem here is not so much to add new knowledge to knowledge already won as to present the sum of ascertained facts in the clearest possible light by the best possible system of arrangement and classification. From this point of view Dr. Goodwin's *Moods and Tenses* may be taken as representative of the best American workmanship. As such it has been accepted and welcomed even in Europe. In no other book, perhaps, are the complicated facts with which this book deals so clearly presented and so ably classified for the student's use as in this masterpiece of practical American philology.

And in one other domain of Greek philology the sharp analytic power of the American mind has been as nobly demonstrated as in the domain of the logical classification. The study of Greek syntax as remoulded by the philosophy of evolution becomes a historical science of the noblest type, and the historical discussion of the problems of syntax rises into view as the crowning glory of the philological method. The syntax presents itself no longer as an infinite mass of facts to be analyzed and grouped by the logical method, but as an organic growth in which the later forms of the sentence are to be explained from the earlier by the historical method. To follow the laws of this growth onward from the structure of the Homeric sentence to the fullness of the Demosthenean period, to show how the usage of the later has been developed from the usage of the earlier time, and how the exquisite perfection of the Attic prose has arisen by natural selection from the forms of the epic or of the lyric and dramatic poetry, this is the problem that now lies before the Greek philologian—a problem of transcendent interest and importance. And in the study of this problem it may be boldly claimed that the Greek philology of America has won its highest distinction, and that the method and results of Dr. Gildersleeve's historical analysis have done more than has been done anywhere else to make the solution of this problem possible.

THE NEW GREEK LEXICON.*

Readers of *Barchester Towers* will perhaps remember Mr. Tom Staple, who, though universally known by a species of nomenclature so very undignified, was tutor of "St. Lazarus," Oxford, and maintained a very high dignity in that ancient university. To the mind of Mr. Staple a natural sanctity attached itself to Oxford and everything Oxonian, and the thought that any outsider should seek to share in matters belonging peculiarly, and as he believed exclusively, to his *alma mater*, was as gall and wormwood to his loyal soul. The easy profanity which had begun even in his day to discuss certain academical Eleusinian mysteries was to him, indeed, as bad as death. Mr. Staple, in short, had fallen on troublous times, yet managed in some sort to keep up his courage by the help of a certain pipe of old port which had been brought into the cellars of "St. Lazarus" in his own under-graduate days, and which was understood to constitute one of the chief attractions of that venerable college. At any rate, these prying outsiders, who had the hardihood to criticise the doings of deans and reverend heads of colleges, were native-born Englishmen. That "*those* Americans" should one day push their way within the sacred circle which separated Oxford from the outlying barbaric world, was a thought too monstrous to have suggested itself to the tutor of St. Lazarus even in his most pessimistic mood.

Alas for the Tom Staples and other unyielding Catos of a by-gone time! While these loyal tutors have been dozing over their port in the commons-room, the deans and masters have held themselves alert. They have kept their eye upon Cambridge, whose classical examiners ten years ago recommended to candidates for honors the "Greek Moods and Tenses" of one of "*those* Americans," nor have they been unobservant of the strange sight, witnessed more recently on the Cam, of eager gownsmen thronging the lecture-room of a young American discoursing with brilliant learning on Greek art. Doubtless the Tom Staples chuckled over all this and enjoyed Mr. Lowell's joke, at the Cantabs' expense, in regard to the importation of dead meat and a live professor, reminding each other that it has always been so from the days of Erasmus, who *learned* Greek at Oxford and *taught* it at Cambridge.

But not so the deans and other dignitaries.

Charles Astor Bristed tells us that, as far back as his time, in the mutual "chaff" between the rival universities, the Cantabs had to yield Oxford's boast as to her Latin and her "*Liddell and Scott.*"

The Tom Staples may now, indeed, turn their faces to the wall and die, for, curiously enough, these are precisely the *penetralia* into which the Oxford dons, in the spirit of true scholars, have welcomed their transatlantic brethren with graceful acknowledgment and generous cordiality.

Two years ago the syndicate of the Clarendon Press placed the *imprimatur* of Oxford on a Latin lexicon compiled exclusively by two American scholars (Dr. Charlton T. Lewis and Professor Charles Short), which the foremost Oxford Latinist, Professor Nettleship, cordially welcomed as "a real advance on any previous Latin-English dictionary"—a judgment which found even more emphatic utterance on the part of his illustrious colleague, Professor J. E. B. Mayor, Regius Professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge.

And now, hard on this, comes a new edition of their famous "Liddell and Scott," which to a notable degree owes the reason of its being, as the French say, to the work of American scholars, whose labors have been gracefully and heartily acknowledged by the veteran English lexicographers.

As to this last, let us briefly consider what has been done.

Forty years have passed since the first edition of this great lexicon, "based on the German work of Francis Passow," was issued. Among English-speaking scholars its success was marked and instant. It at once took the rank, which the indefatigable labors of the editors have steadily maintained, of being the best Greek-English Lexicon in existence. The fourth edition, published in 1855, omitted the name of Passow from its title-page, because, in the language of the editors, "additional materials had been incorporated from so many and various sources that no one name could fairly claim that position." In doing this they but followed the example of Passow himself, who, after a third edition, omitted the name of Schneider from *his* title-page. With still greater force did the argument apply to the fifth edition (1861), which owed heavy obligations to the great Paris Thesaurus (then nearing completion), as well as to the Greek-German Lexicon of Rost and Palm, and to other lexicographical sources.

In 1869 the sixth edition appeared, revised throughout, and, though brevity was studied, augmented by one-eighth in the number of its pages. This increase was largely due to the fact that for the first time the forms of the verb were treated with adequate thoroughness, the admirable work of Dr. Veitch (*Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective*) being laid under contribution to this end. Furthermore, the editors, recognizing the fact that the "new science" of Comparative Philology had made prodigious strides since the appearance of their first edition, determined to recast the whole of the etymological part of their work. For the first edition they had used the *Etymologische Forschungen* of Pott. This was now discarded, and the first edition of Curtius's *Grundzüge der griechischen Etymologie* was substituted as the basis of their etymological labors.

To the curious Hellenist nothing accentuates more sharply the immense advance made among English scholars in the accurate study of Greek during the quarter of a century between 1843 and 1869 than a comparison between the first and sixth editions of this lexicon. That such advance was owing to closer study of German methods and results is clearly reflected in the labors of the Oxford lexicographers. Accepting from the first the truth of Niebuhr's proud dictum that "the road to Greece lies through Germany," they have continued with scholarly vigilance to adapt and incorporate into their work the results achieved by the great scholars of the Fatherland. Thus the sixth edition not only marked a distinct advance over its predecessors in verbal matter and correction, but made good its claim as the standard Greek lexicon for English-speaking people by presenting (unevenly, it is true, and not always satisfactorily) the results achieved in the ancillary sciences of lexicography—orthography, etymology, syntax, archæology, and mythology. In short, the whole cycle of philological study found a place in its pages, and despite unevenness of execution and a lack of consistency in minute matters, the work approached a degree of lexicographic completeness which did infinite credit to the painstaking care and industry of the editors.

Fourteen years have passed since the appearance of the sixth edition, and once more the veteran editors, animated by the same love of Greek learning, the same spirit of determined scholarship, offer to us a new edition of their great work —"the last," they say, simply, "we can hope to see published."

Of all that has been achieved during these years bearing directly and indirectly on lexicography, this is not the place to speak. Brief as has been the interval, there has arisen within the time a new school—"*junggrammatische Schule*," distinctively called—in comparative philology, which, led by Verner, Karl Brugman, Collitz, and Johannes Schmidt, threatens the overthrow of results reached by the "old school," as the *Jung-Grammatiker* are pleased to term Georg Curtius and his disciples. Curtius himself has carried his *Grundzüge* to a fifth edition (1879), which now presents the final views of that great scholar. But apart from this, and not considering recent notable contributions made to Greek syntax, there has been in the time keen activity in every department of classical philology. MSS. have been discovered; codices, known imperfectly or at second-hand, have been carefully collated; texts, in consequence, have been put upon a surer basis, and disputed readings definitively settled; hundreds of words of doubtful origin have yielded up their etymological secret, while material of the highest import from every point of view has been rendered available by the publication of countless inscriptions previously unknown. It is scarcely too much to say that in this period of philological activity many famous Continental scholars have done the best work of their lifetime. In Germany, Bergk, Th. Kock, Wecklein, Fritzsche, Susemihl, F. Blass, Gustav Meyer, and Delbrück; in Holland, Van Herwerden and the already illustrious Cobet; in France (where of recent years there has been a veritable *renaissance* of Hellenism), Graux, Egger, De Saussure, and Henri Weil—all these have achieved, in widely varying directions, results of the highest moment to classical philology, and of solid value to Greek lexicography.

That the editors of this seventh edition and their American coadjutors have kept fully abreast of these results is capable of easy verification by comparing it with the sixth edition, using, as we have done, a score of test words. We say "their American coadjutors," for those scholars who by reason of the scope and importance of their articles have alone been singled out for public acknowledgment are all Americans.

After stating that their own additions consist mainly of fuller references to the classical authors, and a free use of the *Indices* to the Berlin Aristotle and to the *Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum*, the editors continue (in their preface): "We have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance rendered us by many scholars. More particularly must we mention the names of Professors Drisler, of New York; Goodwin, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Gildersleeve, of Baltimore. Professors Goodwin and Gildersleeve have rewritten several important articles, which their well-known grammatical learning makes peculiarly valuable; we may specify the articles on ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ἔστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, ὅτε, ὁπότε, οὐ, μή, and πρίν: the former has also supplied some excellent additions to Attic law terms, such as γραμματεύς, παραγραφή, σύνδικος, ὕβρις, ὑπωμοσία. Professor Drisler has gone carefully over the whole book, and there is hardly a page which does not bear some trace of his accurate observation."

---

* A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Robert Scott, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition. Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of Professor Drisler, of Columbia College, New York. 4to, sheep. New York: Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square. 1883.

None but those whose lives are spent in the study of the classics and in familiar companionship with lexicons, can adequately measure how much is implied in an acknowledgment such as this.

So varied and important have been the contributions of Dr. Drisler, that his name now fitly finds a place on the title-page. A comparison between the last and present editions evidences, indeed, that these contributions cover the whole alphabet, and are of every kind that comes under the head of lexicography. Errors of quantity, of accentuation, of reference, of definition, have been corrected; important matter has been added to imperfect articles; in other articles essential alterations have been made to bring them in accord with the latest results of philological criticism; a wealth of new references attests the breadth of his reading; many words have received a notable extension of meaning, while to his vigilant learning we owe the insertion of many new words omitted in all previous editions of the lexicon. Let any scholar compare in the sixth and seventh editions, under the single letter A, in the first twelve pages, for instances of various kinds, the articles on ἄ, ἀβρότης, ἄβρωτος, ἀγαθός (in which we are glad to see that the identity of the word with German *gut*, English *good*, with *a* euphonic, based on Donaldson's *New Cratylus*, has been discarded, "for Greek *g* ought to be represented by Teutonic *k*"), ἀγάπη, ἀγγεῖον, ἄγγος, ἀγορά—all enlarged and improved by Dr. Drisler's contributions—and he will readily form some idea of the obligations of the new edition to the patient learning of the Nestor of American scholars.

But the acknowledgment means, in addition, that the English editors, keenly alive to the syntactical deficiencies of previous editions, have in great measure recast that portion of their work, seeking to meet more nearly in that direction also the requirements of modern scholarship. A neglect of this would, indeed, have proved a fatal error. The sixth edition was most vulnerable in the articles which undertook to deal with the more delicate points of Greek syntax. The treatment was in many cases inadequate, and in many more erroneous, being based upon antiquated English authorities. Happily this deficiency has been remedied to a very great extent by confiding the most important syntactical articles to the two illustrious American scholars mentioned along with Dr. Drisler in the preface.

Dr. Gildersleeve has written the articles on ἔστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, οὐ, μή, πρίν, and, to a certain extent, the articles on οὐ μή and μή οὐ.

Dr. Goodwin, in addition to the articles on Attic law terms and kindred topics, has written the articles on ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ὅτε, and ὁπότε.

To attempt a comparison between the syntactical treatment in the old and new editions would require a separate article appropriate only to the pages of a philological review. Suffice it to say that of these new articles many are marked by the keenest philological instinct, and, by some happy turn of expression, convey with epigrammatic terseness the results reached by the most patient investigation. Some of these discussions, indeed, compressed within the compass of one or two pages (*e. g.*, Dr. Gildersleeve's πρίν and μή, and Dr. Goodwin's ἄν), embody a treatment of delicate points of syntax more lucid and essentially more complete than can be found in any single book. It is to be regretted that in the discussions of πρίν and μή Dr. Gildersleeve's modesty forbade him to refer to his masterly monographs on "πρίν in the Attic Orators" and the "Encroachments of μή on οὐ in Later Greek," which have appeared in the *American Journal of Philology*. The sixth edition found room for copious references to such antiquated authorities as *Jelf's Greek Grammar* and kindred works, and surely with advantage such space might have been devoted in the new edition to directing the critical student to the pages of the *Journal*, which now ranks, the world over, among the chief authorities in comparative philology.

To our mind the editors might also with advantage have utilized Dr. Gildersleeve's syntactical investigations touching ἕως and μέχρι, both of which suggest in their present shape the Scriptural warning as to new wine and old bottles.

One other point, and we have done.

The editors tell us that they have been urged to incorporate all Proper Names in the lexicon, but that this would have "added so much to the bulk of a book already bulky enough that they were compelled to put aside the suggestion." In this, it seems to us, they have erred. By compression and a slight enlargement of the page (as compared with the sixth edition) the bulk of the volume has been reduced by ninety pages. Had the space thus saved been devoted to proper names, the ground in this respect might have been fairly well covered by observing a wise economy. Proper names are, after all, but common names, and to an etymologist the study of them is essential. No scholar expects or desires that under proper names should be found long historical or archæological disquisitions, which belong properly to dictionaries of biography and of antiquities. What every student really needs is simply a concise statement as to their etymology and variant forms, and a lexicon is the place in which he has a right to expect to find them. It must not be understood, however, that no proper names occur in the lexicon. On the contrary, many of them find a place, and some (*e. g.*, Ζεύς and Ἡρακλῆς) have long articles devoted to them. Still there has been no such consistent treatment of proper names as that which distinguishes *Harper's Latin Lexicon*, and the inconvenience still remains to the student of being driven to have in hand, when at work, two books of reference instead of one.

To say that mistakes still remain is to say that it is a lexicon. In a work of such magnitude it is inevitable that there should be errors in accentuation and citation, slips in grammar, and a few explanations of linguistic phenomena which would be "unto the Greeks foolishness." Such has been the history of all great lexicons, and it would be idle to hope that this should prove the sole example of lexicographic perfection. Especially must it be remembered that the field of etymology is still a happy hunting ground where the *Jung-Grammatiker* and the champions of the "old school" will for years to come take "pot-shots" at one another, to the perplexity of lexicographers and the despair of publishers who own stereotype plates.

Still, after all is said, the seventh edition of "Liddell and Scott" will be cordially welcomed by scholars as a noble and notable contribution to Greek learning, bearing throughout an impress of *Gründlichkeit* such as no Greek-English lexicon has ever before attained, and the editors may be congratulated on having so improved upon their former labors (to borrow the boast of worthy Master Thomas Cooper, prefixed to his *Thesaurus* printed nearly three centuries ago at Oxford), "*ut nihil pene desyderari possit.*"

W. Gordon McCabe.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR STUDENTS.

Student's Old Testament History.

The Old Testament History, from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. By Philip Smith, B.A. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's New Testament History.

The New Testament History. With an Introduction connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments. By Philip Smith, B.A. Edited by Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's History of Greece.

A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Cox's Greece.

A General History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great. With a Sketch of the Subsequent History to the Present Time. By George W. Cox, M.A. Maps and Plans. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Ancient History.

The Ancient History of the East, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By Philip Smith, B.A. Edited by Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's History of Rome.

A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By H. G. Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Merivale's Rome.

A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus. B.C. 753–A.D. 476. By Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Gibbon.

A History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of Recent Commentators. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Strickland's Queens.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by Caroline G. Parker. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Hume.

A History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. Based on the History of David Hume. Incorporating the Corrections and Researches of Recent Historians. Continued to the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. New Edition, Revised and Corrected by J. S. Brewer, M.A. With an Appendix by an American Editor. Illustrated by Maps and Engravings on Wood. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Student's History of France.

A History of France, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. By Rev. W. H. Jervis, M.A. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Hallam's Middle Ages.

A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating in the Text the Author's Latest Researches, with Additions from Recent Writers, and adapted to the Use of Students. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Hallam's Const. History.

The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating the Author's Latest Additions and Corrections, and adapted to the Use of Students. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's History of Germany.

A History of Germany, from the Earliest Times. Founded on Dr. David Müller's "History of the German People." By Charlton T. Lewis. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50

Student's Lyell's Geology.

The Elements of Geology. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S. 636 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Classical Dictionary.

A Smaller Classical Dictionary of Biography, Mythology, and Geography. Abridged from the Larger Dictionary. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Student's Ecclesiastical History.

The Student's Manual of Ecclesiastical History. A History of the Christian Church, from the Times of the Apostles to the Full Establishment of the Holy Roman Empire and the Papal Power. By Philip Smith, B.A. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Harper's Cyclopædia of Poetry,

British and American. By Epes Sargent. Large 8vo, nearly 1000 pp., Half Leather, $5 00.

Mahaffy's Greek Education.

Old Greek Education. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

Mahaffy's Greek Literature.

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By J. P. Mahaffy. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 00.

Simcox's Latin Literature.

A History of Latin Literature. From Ennius to Boethius. By George Augustus Simcox, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $4 00.

Studies of the Greek Poets.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. In Two Volumes. Square 16mo, Cloth, $3 50.

English Men of Letters.

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per vol.

Volumes now ready:

Johnson. — Gibbon. — Scott. — Shelley. — Hume. — Goldsmith. — Defoe. — Burns. — Spenser. — Thackeray. — Burke. — Milton. — Hawthorne. — Southey. — Bunyan. — Chaucer. — Cowper. — Pope. — Byron. — Locke. — Wordsworth. — Dryden. — Landor. — De Quincey. — Lamb. — Bentley. — Dickens. — Gray. — Swift. — Sterne. — Macaulay. — Fielding.

Other volumes will be announced.

English Church History.

A History of the Church of England. From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By Rev. G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln. With an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By J. A. Spencer, S.T.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Political History of Recent Times.

Political History of Recent Times (1816–1875). With Special Reference to Germany. By Wilhelm Müller, Professor in Tübingen. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. Translated, with an Appendix covering the Period from 1876 to 1881, by the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph.D. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

Reber's Ancient Art.

History of Ancient Art. By Dr. Franz von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

Davis's Theory of Thought.

The Theory of Thought. A Treatise on Deductive Logic. By Noah K. Davis, University of Virginia. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

Short History of the English People.

A Short History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. 8vo, Cloth, $1 20.

Rawlinson's Ancient History.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Seemann's Mythology.

The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with Special Reference to its Use in Art. From the German of O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Brotherton Sanskrit Prizeman, 1875. With 64 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents.

Orton's Zoology.

Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A.M., Ph.D., late Professor of Natural History in Vassar College; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York; Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," &c. *Revised Edition.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 80.

Mill's Logic: Revised Edition.

A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. Printed from the Eighth (last) London Edition. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Newcomb's Astronomy.

Popular Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Professor U. S. Naval Observatory. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and Five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; School Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 30.

Quackenbos's Ancient Literature.

Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical: Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS FOR CLASSICAL SCHOLARS.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by **Henry George Liddell**, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and **Robert Scott**, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition, Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of Professor **Drisler**, of Columbia College, New York. 4to, Sheep, $10 00.

In this, the Seventh Edition, the whole work has been thoroughly revised, and large additions made.

We have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance rendered us by many Scholars. More particularly must we mention the names of Professors Drisler, of New York; Goodwin, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Gildersleeve, of Baltimore. Professors Goodwin and Gildersleeve have rewritten several important Articles, which their well-known Grammatical learning makes peculiarly valuable; we may specify the Articles on *ἄν*, *εἰ*, *ἐπεί*, *ἕστε*, *ἵνα*, *ὅπως*, *ὅτε*, *ὁπότε*, *οὐ*, *μή*, and *πρίν*: the former has also supplied some excellent additions to Attic law-terms, such as *γραμματεύς*, *παραγραφή*, *σύνδικος*, *ὕβρις*, *ὑπωμοσία*. Professor Drisler has gone carefully over the whole Book, and there is hardly a page which does not bear some trace of his accurate observation.—*Extract from Preface by Doctors* Liddell & Scott.

The first edition of this standard lexicon appeared forty years ago. It was based originally on the German work of Francis Passow, but it has expanded to such an extent in this passage through seven editions, and represents now the best modern scholarship so thoroughly and widely, that the compilers have done well to omit the name of Passow from their title-page. It has become a river fed by many rivulets of individual scholarship rather than the widening of a single rivulet into a wide stream. A work which has stood the test of forty years' constant use at the hands of the best scholars here and in England needs little characterization of its many and acknowledged excellences. It is sufficient to say that it is without doubt the best Greek-English lexicon in our language, and that it is fully abreast of the best scholarship of the two countries.—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

It would be difficult to name any dictionary which has done more for any branch of literature or science than that which is the subject of this article. Partly by their own labors, and partly by availing themselves of those of others, Dean Liddell and Dean Scott have brought their lexicon to a degree of excellence which has the appearance of finality, if finality is possible of attainment in lexicography.—*London Times.*

It is a monument of patient scholarship, and is a blessing to every classical student. —*Journal of Education*, Boston.

It is now the best product of its kind; the representative work of an age which represents the highest point of Greek scholarship ever reached in England. Nearly every page shows signs of addition, improvement, and skilful compression, and that to an extent that would hardly have been supposed practicable, did not the fact abundantly appear on comparison with the former editions.—*Sunday-School Times*, Philadelphia.

A noble monument of critical scholarship and patient industry; and will still further facilitate the acquisition of the noble tongue whose usages it illustrates.—*Literary World*, Boston.

That part of the work relating to comparative philology has been entirely recast, and the references to classical authors have been largely added to, making the work so nearly perfect that one can hardly see what chances there are for improvement in any future edition.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is pleasant to find, in a work of this sort, issued under the auspices of a leading English university, that American scholarship has added not a little to its usefulness.—*Boston Traveller.*

The recognition of American scholarship in its preparation will be appreciated in this country. The republic of letters knows of no political divisions.—*Watchman*, Boston.

It is truly a magnificent work, both in its exterior form and in its contents. It would be difficult to say wherein it falls short of the *ideal* of a Greek-English Lexicon. I shall use it constantly myself, and shall take great pleasure in recommending it to my classes.—Prof. W. S. Tyler, *Amherst College.*

It seems to furnish in its present form all that is necessary in a critical and accurate Lexicon of the Greek Language, and the publishers, I am sure, have the gratitude of all those interested in classical scholarship in the country.—Dr. Henry A. Coit, *St. Paul's School*, Concord, N. H.

It is impossible to doubt that this lexicon is not only an improvement on the last issue so great as to make an epoch, but also the best that we shall have for many years to come.—*The Critic*, N. Y.

That portion of the book connected with comparative philology has been entirely recast, in harmony with the strides that have been made in that science since the first editions of the lexicon appeared.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

This great dictionary embodies the best Greek scholarship of the era, and becomes the final appeal in the interpretation of the New Testament, as well as the classic Greek. Students of the sacred Scriptures will appreciate the broad and accurate scholarship, and the long, persistent studies of the authors of this great work; and every advanced student will look upon the possession of this invaluable Greek thesaurus as indispensable to his critical apparatus.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

This work, as it stands, is a monument of modern classical scholarship, and it is hard to conceive of a dictionary more complete, exact, and full in its references.—*Christian at Work*, N. Y.

Have no hesitation in pronouncing it unrivalled in every respect.—*Hartford Courant.*

The improvements made in the matter of type alone in the new edition are worth the cost of the revision.—*New Haven Palladium.*

The book is a marvel of patient, scholarly work, and a monument of its makers as of its publishers.—*Journal of Commerce*, N. Y.

As the work stands to-day, it is without a rival for the use of scholars.—*Examiner*, N.Y.

In this seventh edition the work of revision and extension has been carried forward to a stage of completeness which gives us a Greek-English lexicon in respect to its matter and standing unrivalled and alone in England and the United States.—*N. Y. Times.*

The work now embodies all the results of modern Greek scholarship with whatever has come from the study of comparative philology. It is a monument of patient labor and broad and accurate learning, and its typographical arrangement is such as to be specially helpful to the student.—*Boston Journal.*

HARPERS' LATIN DICTIONARY.

A LATIN DICTIONARY FOUNDED ON THE TRANSLATION OF "FREUND'S LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON." Edited by E. A. **Andrews**, LL.D. Revised, Enlarged, and in great part Rewritten by **Charlton T. Lewis**, Ph.D., and **Charles Short**, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, N. Y. Royal 8vo, 2033 pp., Sheep, $6 50.

The translation of Dr. Freund's great Latin-German Lexicon, edited by the late E. A. Andrews, LL.D., and published in 1850, has been from that time in extensive use throughout England and America.

Meanwhile, great advances have been made in the sciences on which lexicography depends. Minute research in manuscript authorities has largely restored the texts of the classical writers, and even their orthography. Philology has traced the growth and history of thousands of words, and revealed meanings and shades of meaning which were long unknown. Syntax has been subjected to a profounder analysis. The history of ancient nations, the private life of their citizens, the thoughts and beliefs of their writers, have been closely scrutinized in the light of accumulating information. Thus the student of to-day may justly demand of his lexicon far more than the scholarship of thirty years ago could furnish. The present work is the result of a series of earnest efforts by the Publishers to meet this demand.

The first 216 pages are the work of Professor Charles Short, LL.D., of Columbia College. The remainder of the book, from page 217 to page 2019, inclusive, is the work of Mr. Charlton T. Lewis. While each editor is alone and wholly responsible for the pages which he has prepared, Mr. Lewis requests us to acknowledge the indebtedness of the book to contributions from other scholars, incorporated by him with his own collections. It is proper to refer, in particular, to the valuable services of Gustavus Fischer, LL.D., of New Brunswick, whose learning and research have given to many articles a fulness and thoroughness hardly attempted before in a Latin Lexicon; and of Professor George M. Lane, Ph.D., of Harvard College, who has kindly examined a large part of the book in proof, and has freely communicated, in his suggestions and corrections, the ripe fruits of his scholarship.

This noble achievement is a splendid triumph, if not the most splendid triumph, of American scholarship.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

It will occupy in the estimation of scholars and students a place by the side of Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon, as a complete digest of the results of criticism and research in this field.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

It is the ripest and richest fruit of modern scholarship. Such an international work as this is an honor to the country and the age in which we live, a treasury of learning, an incentive to industry, an aid to culture, an open door to one of the grandest of earthly temples.—*Observer*, N. Y.

In the broadest sense it is brought up to the standard of the scholarship of the age, and it falls into line with the advance of science in all its departments. The Latin dictionaries of the past were little more than the work of the narrow monastic life of the Middle Ages, and the fruit of scholarship in the dead languages only. Harpers' Latin Dictionary is the dictionary of the new dispensation, in which physical science and history, art, and every department of human learning have united to make a noble and well-nigh ideally perfect work.—*Baptist Weekly*, N. Y.

"Harpers' Latin Dictionary" takes its place in the first rank of great, accurate, and, therefore, fully reliable philological literature.—*Philadelphia Press.*

This great work becomes at once the standard Latin-English Lexicon. It is the embodiment of the latest and most complete Latin scholarship.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The work is a monument of careful and industrious learning, and must at once be accepted as the leading authority in its line. —*Christian Register*, Boston.

Those who wish to purchase a new Latin-English Dictionary had better invest in this, as embodying the latest results of Latin scholarship, and giving all that the others give, and more.—*Guardian*, London.

A real advance on any previous Latin-English Dictionary. The orthography has been corrected throughout—a step which, however obvious, easy, and necessary, is of immense practical benefit to Latin scholarship in England, where we have for some time, in books available for school teaching, been troubled with mere confusion in this matter.—Professor Nettleship (Oxford University, England), in the *Academy*, London.

What would not the scholars of the last century have given for such a Latin Dictionary? The great advances which philological study has made of late years, and the vastly increased knowledge of ancient life and thought, have given to this Dictionary a scholarly completeness which places it in the very first rank among works of reference. It will undoubtedly become a standard authority.—*Westminster Review*, London.

The work is of first-rate merit, and it is sure to command, as it deserves, an extensive circulation.—*British Quarterly Review*, London.

This lexicon must supersede all its rivals for common use.—Professor J. E. B. Mayor (Cambridge University, England), in *Notes and Queries*, London.

We can confidently confirm the editors' statement that they have substantially rewritten the book. New words are added, meanings are more carefully differentiated and arranged, and new interpretations given. The etymological notes certainly far surpass in accuracy and fulness anything as yet attempted in any dictionary.—*Athenæum*, London.

It contains much new matter. Many errors have been corrected. As with spelling, so also with etymology, the best and latest authorities have been consistently followed. In accidence, Nene's exhaustive stories have been rifled. Many words are here correctly explained for the first time in any revision of Andrews.—*Cambridge* (England) *Review.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THREE HELPFUL BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations. Seventeenth Edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By BENJAMIN VINCENT. Revised for American Readers. Large 8vo, 810 pages, Cloth, $5 00.

Could we have only one volume for reference purposes, apart from Webster or Worcester, "Haydn" would be that volume.—*N. Y. Times.*

It would be difficult to name a topic in the history of all ages and nations which this monumental volume does not help to elucidate.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A particularly satisfactory edition of a work which is nearly indispensable for reference, and every page of which is a mine of useful knowledge.—*Boston Journal.*

Haydn's Dictionary, now in its seventeenth edition, admirably meets an almost universal want. No cyclopædia, gazetteer, or other volume exactly supplies its place.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

We have tried the book in the family, and have answered all sorts of puzzling questions by simply turning to the subject given. —*Christian Intelligencer,* N. Y.

Is so full of what is essential that it quite takes the place of an encyclopædia.—*Christian at Work,* N. Y.

This great work, which first appeared in 1841, has been enlarged and improved until it may well be called a great compendium of facts connected with almost every general subject that interests intelligent people. As a book of reference it will probably be consulted oftener than any other, except Worcester or Webster.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

This standard work has just been issued with amendments and revisions that bring it down to the autumn of 1881. Its list of battles, giving the world's war history in a single table of less than eight pages, and its three and four page histories of nations, give the date and result of important events at a glance, without the usual tedious reference to works on various topics, or study of long articles in cyclopædias.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Crabb's English Synonymes.

English Synonymes Explained in Alphabetical Order. With copious Illustrations and Examples drawn from the Best Writers. To which is now added an Index to the Words. By GEORGE CRABB, A.M. New Edition, with Additions and Corrections. 12mo, 856 pp., Cloth, $2 50.

The present edition is almost perfect in arrangement and detail, the definitions are exact, and the delicate differences in meaning are explained with a skill that is too well known to need illustrating at this late date.—*Saturday Evening Gazette,* Boston.

It has long been recognized as an authority not to be disputed. For fulness, clearness, and extent, it has no rival.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Although the work has been in use for years, it never yet has had a successful rival, having managed to keep ahead of competitors by its intrinsic value and clear and comprehensive information.—*Hartford Evening Post.*

Such a work ought to be as much used in schools as a grammar or a dictionary.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It furnishes definitions of words with accuracy enforced with a wealth of illustration drawn from the great masters of English thought and style, that renders the work attractive and useful. The work is one of permanent interest and value. The new edition is a very useful and convenient part of the equipment of the literary workman. And not only those whose business is writing or speaking will find it a valuable assistant in their labors: it ought to have a place among the books of every leading household.—*Boston Transcript.*

Skeat's Etymological Dictionary.

A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, Uniform with "The Student's Series," $1 25.

The Concise Etymological Dictionary of Professor Skeat is an abridgment of his larger work upon that subject. Everything in the larger work which is interesting or intelligible to readers not special students of the subject is retained. Not content with a mere abridgment, the author has added much that is entirely new from his more recent investigations. The wide interest felt in the scientific study of English is shown by the great number of books published within a few years in which fragments of the subject are treated. Here for the first time is, in a popular form, a systematic digest of this branch of knowledge aiming at complete treatment of the subject.

Must be regarded as an indispensable text-book and book of reference in high schools and colleges.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is not merely an abridgment of the larger work, but has been prepared by the author himself by being entirely rewritten, with some manifest improvements, even, over the previous work. The volume contains the special features which make its predecessor so valuable, but all brought into more compact shape, and the dictionary itself will be found very much condensed without the loss of an essential feature of importance. As it now stands, the work is a most convenient hand-book for the use of the very large number of students in this country who wish to learn the history of the English language. The beauty of this edition lies in the fact that it is easy to handle and very convenient to consult.—*Boston Post.*

Of research, of judgment, of industry, of patience, of the scholar's zeal, it is a monument. Described in a word, it is the collected biographies of several thousand English words.—*Literary World.*

A very valuable addition to any well-ordered library.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A more useful book than the one under consideration can hardly be imagined in the study of English literature.—*Albany Sunday Press.*

To teachers the book is invaluable, and it is destined beyond peradventure to take a permanent place in every library and institution of learning.—*Brooklyn Times.*

There are many surprises in this volume even for those who have been diligent students of our language. Many of the new etymologies throw a flood of light upon the meaning of words, and show almost at a glance relationships to a common root where none might have been suspected.—*Western Christian Advocate,* Cincinnati.

To the student such a dictionary as the one under consideration—accurate, concise, and intelligible—is simply invaluable, giving at a glance, as it does, the derivation and history of words, and developing their precise meaning by tracing, so to speak, their hereditary tendencies.—*Boston Courier.*

It is now the most complete thesaurus of the results of the philological investigations that touch our language, and itself marks an epoch in the history of English scholarship. —*N. Y. World.*

ROLFE'S SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

The only Illustrated School Edition in the World. The only School Edition giving a Summary of the Various Readings and the Critical Comments of ALL the leading Editors.

Shakespeare.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—THE TEMPEST.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—AS YOU LIKE IT.—TWELFTH NIGHT.—A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—CYMBELINE.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—A WINTER'S TALE.—PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—JULIUS CÆSAR.—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—MACBETH.—LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.—HAMLET.—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—OTHELLO.—TIMON OF ATHENS.—KING LEAR.—ROMEO AND JULIET.—CORIOLANUS.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—KING JOHN.—RICHARD THE SECOND.—HENRY THE FOURTH. Parts I. and II.—HENRY THE FIFTH.—HENRY THE SIXTH. Parts I., II., and III.—RICHARD THE THIRD.—HENRY THE EIGHTH.—THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems.

Price per volume, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

Rolfe's Series of English Classics is intended for school and college use, and also for the private student and the general reader.

Each of Shakespeare's plays is preceded by an introduction containing *the history of the play,* according to the latest investigations; an account of *the sources of the plot,* with copious extracts from the chronicles or novels from which Shakespeare drew his materials; and selections from leading English and foreign *criticisms upon the characters* of the play.

The TEXT is the result of a careful collation of the folio of 1623 and the other early copies with all the more recent editions that have any critical value.

The NOTES are fuller than in any other school or standard edition, except Halliwell's great folios and Furness's "New Variorum." The author has aimed to include all the historical, critical, and illustrative matter needed by the teacher as well as the student and the general reader.

The GOLDSMITH contains *Macaulay's Life of the Poet,* with selections from other memoirs by Thackeray, George Colman, Campbell, Foster, and Irving. These are followed by the complete text of *The Traveller, The Deserted Village,* and *Retaliation.*

The GRAY contains the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard,* the two great Pindaric Odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard,* with the Odes *On the Spring, On the Death of a Favorite Cat, On a Distant Prospect of Eton College,* and *To Adversity.* The poems are prefaced by the Life of Gray, by Robert Carruthers, from the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS are a unique feature of this series. The engravings are illustrations in the best sense of the word, being mainly historical portraits and delineations of places, buildings, monuments, works of art, costumes, antiquities, etc., connected with the poet or his works.

In my opinion Mr. Rolfe's series of Shakespeare's plays is thoroughly admirable. No one can examine these volumes and fail to be impressed with the conscientious accuracy and scholarly completeness with which they are edited. The educational purposes for which the notes are written Mr. Rolfe never loses sight of, but like "a well-experienced archer hits the mark his eye doth level at."—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., *Editor of the "New Variorum Shakespeare."*

Your Shakespeare plays serve me a very good turn. My calling and certain meddling of my own in Shakespeare studies bring to me not a few inquirers, who desire to know the best Shakespeare to buy. For a year or two I have commended yours to them. * * * I take it for granted you will give all the plays; not because they are needed or desirable for school purposes, but because so large a part of the purchasers of them will make it their household edition.—JUSTIN WINSOR, A.M., *Librarian of Harvard University.*

Rolfe's Goldsmith is all that could be desired as a text-book, both in mechanical execution and in the scholarly annotations. It is a fitting presentation of this charming poet.—I. N. DENMON, *Assist. Prof. of English Literature, University of Michigan.*

In the way of annotated editions of separate plays of Shakespeare, for educational purposes, I know of none quite up to Rolfe's. —HIRAM CORSON, M.A., *Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Literature, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.*

I have not seen any edition that compresses so much necessary information into so small a space, nor any that so completely avoids the common faults of commentaries on Shakespeare—needless repetition, superfluous explanation, and unscholar-like ignoring of difficulties.—EDWIN A. ABBOTT, M.A., *Author of "Shakespearian Grammar."*

I incline to think that no edition is likely to be so useful for school and home reading as yours. Your notes contain so much accurate instruction, with so little that is superfluous; you do not neglect the æsthetic study of the play; and in externals, paper, type, binding, etc., you make a book "pleasant to the eyes" (as well as "to be desired to make one wise")—no small matter, I think, with young readers and with old.—Prof. EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., *of the University of Dublin, Author of "Shakspere: His Mind and Art."*

Mr. Rolfe's editions of plays of Shakespeare are very valuable and convenient books, whether for a college class or for private study. I have used them with my students, and I welcome every addition that is made to the series. They show care, research, and good judgment, and are fully up to the time in scholarship. I fully agree with the opinion that experienced teachers have expressed of the excellence of these books.—F. J. CHILD, *Prof. of English in Harvard University.*

The merit I see in Mr. Rolfe's school editions of Shakspere's plays over those most widely used in England is that Mr. Rolfe edits the plays as works of a poet, and not only as productions in Tudor English. Some editors think that all they have to do with a play is to state its source, and explain its hard words and allusions; they treat it as they would a charter or a catalogue of household furniture, and then rest satisfied. But Mr. Rolfe, while clearing up all verbal difficulties as carefully as any Dryasdust, always adds the choicest extracts he can find, on the spirit and special "note" of each play, and on the leading characteristics of its chief personages. He does *not* leave the student without help in getting at Shakspere's chief attributes, his characterization, and poetic power. And every practical teacher knows that while every boy can look out hard words from a lexicon for himself, not one in a score can, unhelped, catch points of and realize character, and feel and express the distinctive individuality of each play as a poetic creation.—F. J. FURNIVALL, *Director of the New Shakspere Society, London.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

REDUCED PRICES.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

SPECIAL LIST OF

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS.

This Special List includes Harper & Brothers' standard educational publications, with their retail, special, and exchange prices.

Retail prices are the prices at which the books will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States.

Special prices are the prices at which the books will be sold, for *regular supply*, to Boards of Education, or to responsible booksellers that they may designate. Special prices are *net*, being subject to no allowance or discount.

Exchange prices are the prices at which *a first supply* of the books will be sold in exchange for an equal number of corresponding old books in use. *Exchange prices* are subject to a discount of ten per cent., and no additional discount will be made for handling. If there is no exchange for old books, a *first supply* will be sold at the *special prices*. Freight will be at the expense of the purchaser.

Single copies *for examination* with a view to school use (except books of reference and mounted charts) will be mailed, postpaid, to teachers and school officers, in any part of the United States, on receipt of the *special price*. An order should state that the writer is a teacher or school officer, and name the school with which he is connected.

When supplies are ordered C.O.D., a remittance of twenty-five per cent. of the price must accompany the order.

Supplies sent by mail will be at the risk of the purchaser.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money-Order, payable to the order of Harper & Brothers.

☞ To avoid delay or error in shipments, the titles of all books ordered should be given *in full*.

LIST OF PRICES.

GEOGRAPHY.	*Retail.*	*Special.*	*Exchange.*
Harper's Introductory Geography	$0 50	$0 35	$0 25
“ School “	1 10	80	60
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.			
Harper's Language Series.			
Swinton's Language Primer	28	21	15
“ New Language Lessons	38	28	20
“ “ School Composition	32	24	16
“ “ English Grammar	56	42	30
“ “ Grammar and Composition in one vol.	76	57	40
Swinton's Studies in English Literature	1 50	1 12	1 00
Hill's Principles of Rhetoric	80	60	45
Quackenbos's History of Ancient Literature	1 00	75	65
March's Anglo-Saxon Grammar	1 80	1 35	1 25
“ “ “ Reader	1 10	82	75
Rolfe's English Classics:—			
Merchant of Venice.—King Lear.—Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Cæsar.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Romeo and Juliet.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Othello.—Twelfth Night.—King John.—Winter's Tale.—Henry IV., Parts I. and II.—Richard III.—The Taming of the Shrew.—All 's Well that Ends Well.—Coriolanus.—Comedy of Errors.—Cymbeline.—Measure for Measure.—Merry Wives of Windsor.—Antony and Cleopatra.—Timon of Athens.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Love's Labor 's Lost.—Troilus and Cressida.—Henry VI., Parts I., II., and III.—Two Noble Kinsmen.—Pericles, Prince of Tyre.—Goldsmith.—Gray. Illustrated. Price per volume, Cloth, 56 cents. Paper, 40 cents.			
The following volumes of Rolfe's Series are recommended for school use:			
Merchant of Venice	56	42	38
Tempest	56	42	38
Henry VIII	56	42	38
Julius Cæsar	56	42	38
Richard II	56	42	38
Macbeth	56	42	38
Midsummer-Night's Dream	56	42	38
Henry V.	56	42	38
As You Like It	56	42	38
Twelfth Night	56	42	38
King John	56	42	38
Henry IV. Part I	56	42	38
Richard III.	56	42	38
Coriolanus	56	42	38
Goldsmith	56	42	38
Gray	56	42	38
Rolfe's English Classics may also be had in Paper. Per volume	40	30	26
Tweed and Anderson's First Lessons in Natural History and Language	35	26	20
The same may be had in Four Parts. Per Part	10	7	6
Tweed and Anderson's First Lessons in Natural History and Language. Teacher's Edition	50	37	

READING AND SPELLING.	*Retail.*	*Special.*	*Exchange.*
Harper's United States First Reader	$0 15	$ 011	$0 10
“ “ “ Second Reader	24	18	13
“ “ “ Third Reader	32	24	20
“ “ “ Fourth Reader	48	36	30
“ “ “ Fifth Reader	56	42	36
“ “ “ Sixth Reader	60	45	40
Willson's Primer	15	11	10
“ First Reader	24	18	13
“ Second Reader	32	24	20
“ Third Reader	48	36	30
“ Fourth Reader	60	45	40
“ Fifth Reader	90	67	50
“ Intermediate Third Reader	48	36	30
“ “ Fourth Reader	56	42	36
“ “ Fifth Reader	60	45	40
“ Primary Speller	15	11	10
“ Larger Speller	24	18	15
“ New Speller	32	24	16
Potter's Manual of Reading	1 00	75	67
Harrington's Graded Spelling-Book. Part I.	15	11	6
“ “ “ “ II.	15	11	6
“ “ “ Two Parts in one vol.	20	15	8
MATHEMATICS.			
Harpers' First Book in Arithmetic	30	22	15
“ Second “ “	60	45	30
Wentworth's Arithmetical Problems	32	24	20
“ “ “ Teacher's Edition	36	27	
Loomis's Elements of Algebra	90	67	60
“ Key to Elements of Algebra	90	67	
“ Treatise on Algebra	1 00	75	65
“ Key to Treatise on Algebra	1 00	75	
“ Algebraic Problems and Examples	90	67	60
“ Elements of Geometry	1 00	75	65
“ Trigonometry, Surveying, and Navigation	1 00	75	65
“ Tables of Logarithms	1 00	75	65
“ Trigonometry and Tables, bound in one volume	1 50	1 12	1 00
“ Analytical Geometry	1 00	75	65
“ Calculus	1 00	75	65
“ Analytical Geometry and Calculus, in one volume	1 75	1 31	1 15
NATURAL SCIENCE.			
Hooker's Child's Book of Nature. Part I.	40	30	25
“ “ “ “ “ II.	44	33	28
“ “ “ “ “ III.	44	33	28
“ “ “ “ In one volume	1 00	75	50
“ First Book in Chemistry	44	33	28
“ Chemistry	90	67	60
“ Natural Philosophy	90	67	60
“ Natural History	90	67	60
“ Mineralogy and Geology	90	67	60
Dalton's Physiology and Hygiene	84	63	52
Orton's Comparative Zoology. Revised	1 80	1 35	1 15
Draper's Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene	2 50	1 87	
Loomis's Elements of Astronomy	1 00	75	65
“ Treatise on Astronomy	1 50	1 12	1 00
“ Practical Astronomy	1 50	1 12	1 00

LIST OF PRICES—*Continued.*

NATURAL SCIENCE—*Continued.*	*Retail.*	*Special.*	*Exchange.*
Loomis's Treatise on Meteorology	$1 50	$1 12	$1 00
Newcomb's Popular Astronomy	1 30	97	
Warren's Recreations in Astronomy	1 25	93	90
BOOK-KEEPING.			
Duffs' Common School Book-Keeping	44	33	26
“ Blanks for C. S. “ Per Set	50	37	
Duff's Mercantile, Bank, and Railroad Book-Keeping	2 25	1 68	1 60
WRITING AND DRAWING.			
Lamson's New American Penmanship. Six Nos. Per doz.	1 35	1 00	
“ “ “ “ Primary. “	90	67	
Willson's Industrial Drawing Series, in Four Nos. Per No.	30	22	
Each No. may be had in Two Parts. Per Part.	18	13	
“ Drawing Guide	75	56	
“ Writing and Drawing Slate	30	22	
“ “ “ “ Cards. Per Set	20	15	
“ “ Music and Drawing Board	2 50	1 87	
“ Cabinet Drawing-Paper. Per dozen Sheets	18	13	
“ Isometrical Drawing-Paper. Per dozen Sheets	18	13	
MUSIC.			
Zundel and Ryan's School Harmonist. (Vocal)	44	33	25
“ “ “ “ “ (Vocal and Instrumental)	50	37	35
HISTORY.			
Scott's School History of the United States	80	60	54
“ Smaller History of the United States	56	42	35
Dickens's Child's History of England	60	45	40
Green's Short History of the English People	1 20	90	80
Markham's (Mrs.) History of France	1 25	93	90
Rawlinson's Manual of Ancient History	1 25	93	90
Student's Series of Histories:			
Cox's General History of Greece	1 25	93	90
“ School History of Greece	60	45	40
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire	1 25	93	90
Hallam's Middle Ages	1 25	93	90
“ Constitutional History of England	1 25	93	90
Hume's History of England	1 50	1 12	90
Jervis's History of France	1 25	93	90
Lewis's History of Germany	1 50	1 12	1 00
Liddell's History of Rome	1 25	93	90
Merivale's General History of Rome	1 25	93	90
“ Smaller History of Rome	75	56	52
Smith's Old Testament History	1 25	93	90
“ New “ “	1 25	93	90
“ Ancient History of the East	1 25	93	90
“ History of Greece	1 25	93	90
“ Ecclesiastical History	1 50	1 12	1 00
“ Smaller Scripture History	60	45	40
“ “ Ancient History of the East	60	45	40
“ “ History of Greece	60	45	40
“ “ History of Rome	60	45	40
“ “ “ “ England	60	45	40
Strickland's Queens of England	1 25	93	90
FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ITALIAN.			
Smith's French Principia. Part I	50	37	35
“ “ “ “ II	80	60	55
“ German “ “ I	50	37	35
“ “ “ “ II	80	60	55
“ Italian “ “ I	75	56	52
Wall's French Grammar	1 20	90	80
Comfort's German Primer	44	33	25
“ First Book in German	60	45	37
“ First German Reader	50	37	32
“ German Course	1 00	75	68
“ Teacher's Companion to German Course	50	37	
“ German Reader	1 00	75	68
“ “ Conversation	84	63	50
GREEK AND LATIN.			
Smith's Principia Latina. Part I	55	41	35
“ “ “ “ II	90	67	60
“ Curtius's Greek Grammar	1 25	93	90
Harper's Greek and Latin Texts:			
Æschylus.—Cæsar.—Ciceronis Epistulæ Selectæ.—Cicero de Natura Deorum, de Divinatione, de Fato.—Cicero de Senectute, de Amicitia, et de Officiis.—Ciceronis Orationes Selectæ.—Ciceronis Tusculanæ Disputationes.—Cicero de Finibus.—Euripides, 3 vols.—Herodotus, 2 vols.—Horatius.—Lucretius.—Plato.—Sallust.—Sophocles.—Thucydides, 2 vols.—Vergilius.—Xenophontis Anabasis.—Xenophontis Libri Socratici. Price, per vol., Cloth	50	37	32
Harper's Texts may also be had in Paper. Per vol.	32	24	20
Anthon's Cæsar	1 10	82	75
“ Cicero's Orations	1 10	82	75
“ “ de Senectute, &c	1 10	82	75

GREEK AND LATIN.—*Continued.*	*Retail.*	*Special.*	*Exchange.*
Anthon's Cicero de Officiis	$1 10	$0 82	$0 75
“ “ Tusculan Disputations	1 10	82	75
“ English Notes on Euripides	90	67	60
“ Homer's Iliad	1 20	90	80
“ Horace	1 20	90	80
“ Juvenal and Persius	1 10	82	75
“ Livy	1 20	90	80
“ Cornelius Nepos	1 10	82	75
“ Sallust	1 10	82	75
“ Tacitus	1 10	82	75
“ Æneid of Virgil	1 20	90	80
“ Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil	1 20	90	80
“ Xenophon's Anabasis	1 10	82	75
“ “ Memorabilia of Socrates	1 10	82	75
Harrington's Plautus	90	67	60
Proudfit's Plautus	60	45	40
Gildersleeve's Persius	90	67	60
Hurst and Whiting's Seneca	1 30	97	90
Keep's Stories from Herodotus and Seventh Book of History	90	67	60
Spencer's Greek New Testament	1 00	75	70
Merriam's Phæacians of Homer	1 50	1 12	1 00
Protagoras of Plato	75	56	45
Westcott & Hort's Greek-English Testament	3 50	2 62	
BOOKS OF REFERENCE.			
Anthon's Classical Dictionary	4 25	3 18	
“ Latin-English Dictionary	2 05	1 53	
“ Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary	2 50	1 87	
“ Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities	4 25	3 18	
“ “ New Classical Dictionary	3 50	2 62	
Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary	1 10	82	
Harper's Latin Dictionary. Sheep	6 50	4 87	
Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. Revised Edition	10 00	7 50	
“ “ “ Smaller Greek-English Lexicon	2 00	1 50	
Smith's Student's Smaller Classical Dictionary	1 25	93	
Skeat's Etymological Dictionary	1 25	93	
Robinson's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament. Cloth	4 00	3 00	
Smith's English-Latin Dictionary	4 00	3 00	
Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon	4 50	3 37	
Calkins's Primary Object Lessons	1 00	75	
“ Manual of Object-Teaching	1 25	93	
Swett's Methods of Teaching	1 00	75	
Willson's Object Lessons	1 00	75	
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Anthon's Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities. Abridged	1 00	75	
Davis's Theory of Thought	2 00	1 50	1 25
Emory and Crooks's Butler's Analogy	1 00	75	70
Munson's Complete Phonographer	1 50	1 12	1 00
Nordhoff's Politics for Young Americans	75	56	45
Seemann's Classical Mythology	60	45	
Story on the Constitution of the United States	90	67	60
Upham's Mental Philosophy. Abridged	1 00	75	70
CHARTS.			
Willson and Calkins's School and Family Charts. Sheets:			
No. I. Elementary	25	18	
“ II. Reading	25	18	
“ III. Reading	25	18	
“ IV. Reading	25	18	
“ V. Reading	25	18	
“ VI. Reading	25	18	
“ VII. Elementary Sounds	25	18	
“ VIII. Phonic Spelling	25	18	
“ IX. Writing Charts	25	18	
“ X. Drawing and Perspective	35	26	
“ XI. Lines and Measures	25	18	
“ XII. Forms and Solids	25	18	
“ XIII. Familiar Colors, with duplicate set of Color-Cards	90	67	
“ XIV. Chromatic Scale of Colors	75	56	
“ XV. Animals. Economical Uses	40	30	
“ XVI. Classification of Animals	40	30	
“ XVII. Birds. Their Classification	40	30	
“ XVIII. Reptiles and Fishes	40	30	
“ XIX. Botanical Forms, &c.	40	30	
“ XX. Classification of Plants	40	30	
“ XXI. Economical Uses of Plants	40	30	
“ XXII. Economical Uses, continued	40	30	
Price of the entire Set, in Sheets	7 95	5 96	
Willson and Calkins's School and Family Charts. Mounted:			
Nos. I. and II.	90	67	
“ III. “ IV.	90	67	
“ V. “ VI.	90	67	
“ VII. “ VIII.	90	67	
“ IX. “ X.	1 10	82	
“ XI. “ XII.	90	67	
“ XIII. “ XIV.	2 00	1 50	
“ XV. “ XVI.	1 25	93	
“ XVII. “ XVIII.	1 25	93	
“ XIX. “ XX.	1 25	93	
“ XXI. “ XXII.	1 25	93	
Price of the entire Set. Mounted	12 60	9 45	
Calkins's Phonic Charts. Mounted	2 10	1 57	

A price-list and descriptive circulars of Harper & Brothers' school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

June, 1883.